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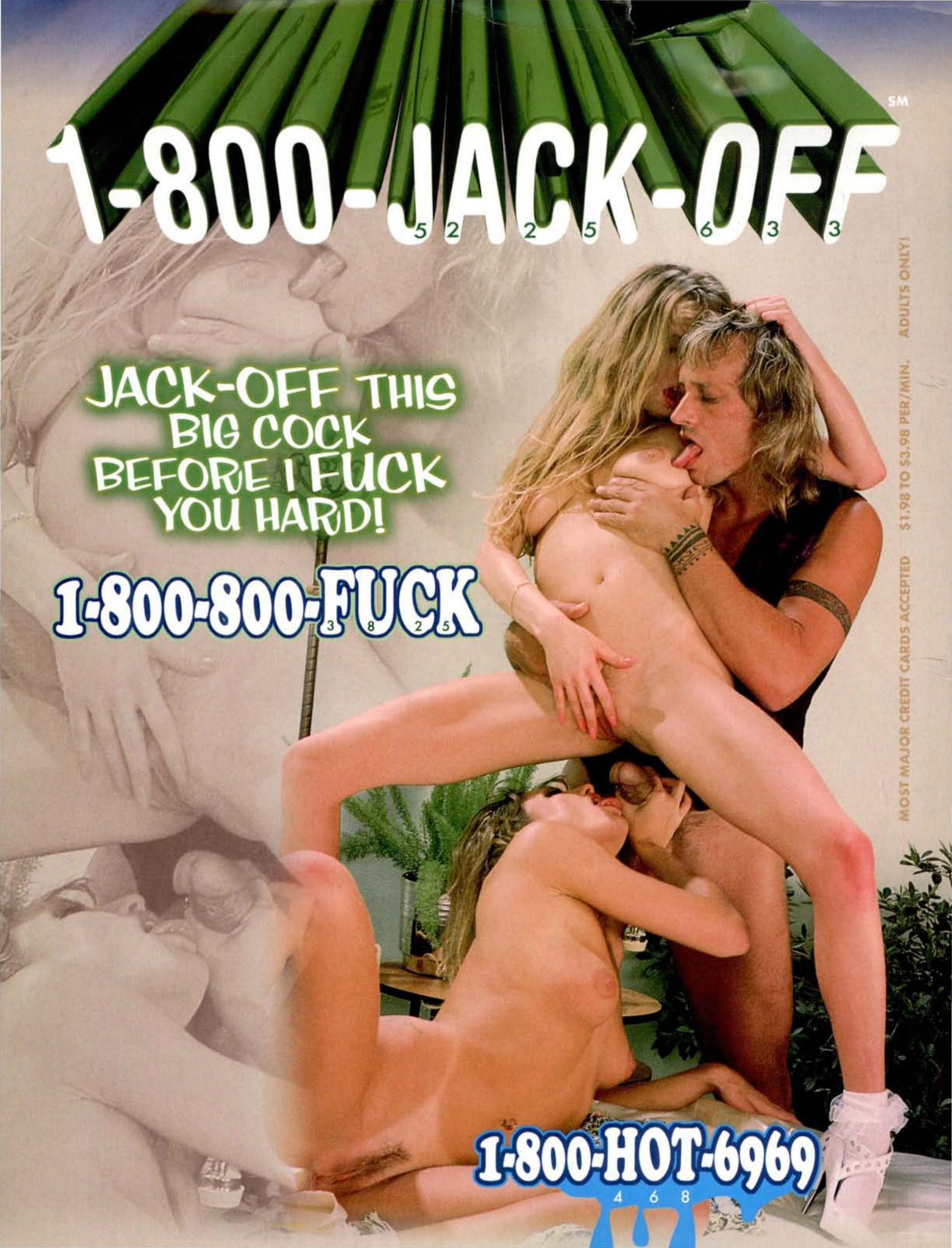
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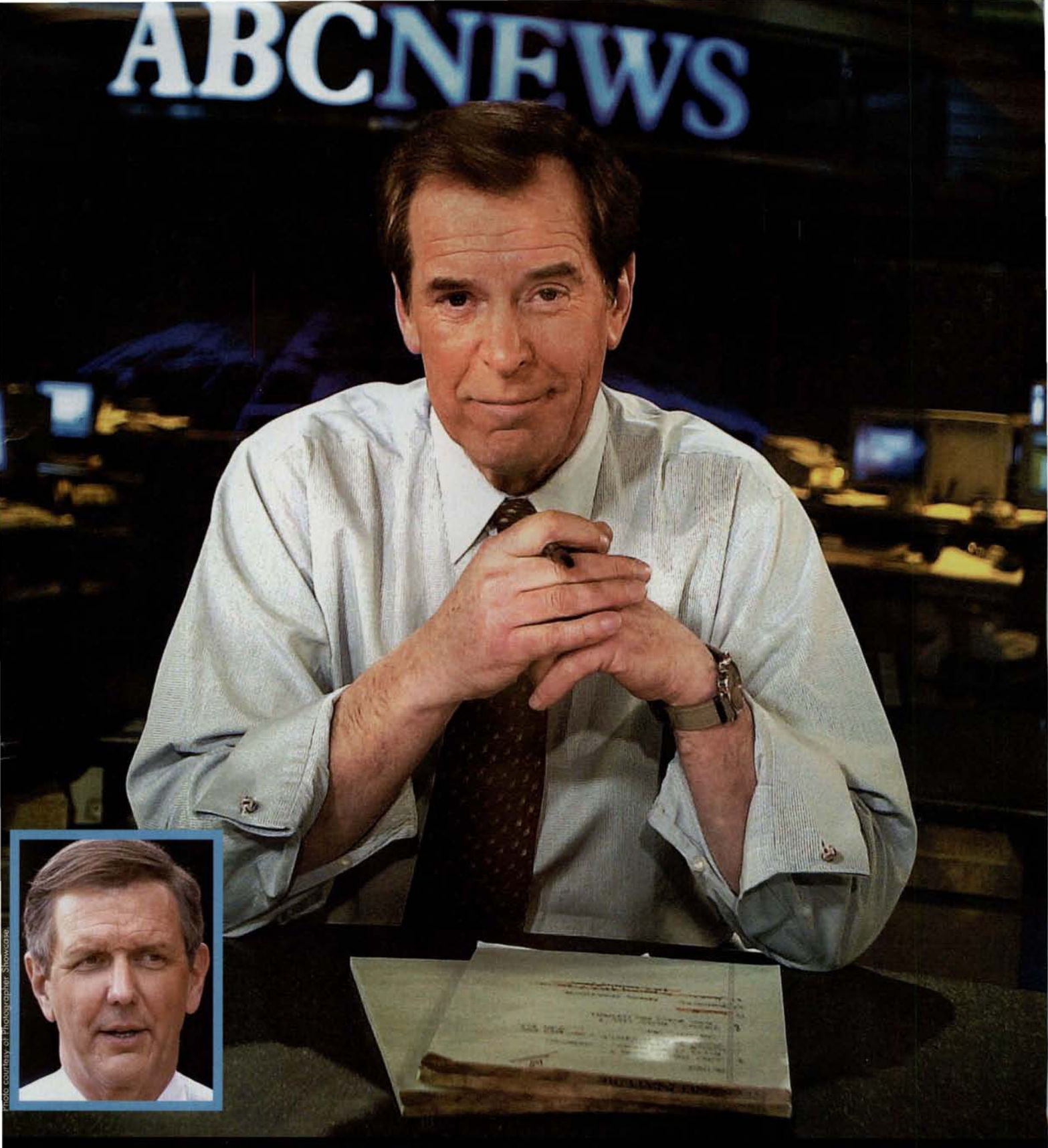

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Disclaimer: Not a real ad. This is a social commentary based on our belief that during the Iraqi invasion, ABC had the least bias, even though they trotted out Barbara Walters with her ludicrous story about people in Iraq being fed into meat grinders. Fortunately, Peter Jennings didn't seem to swallow her story completely, perhaps recalling the infamous "babies being pulled out of incubators by the evil Iraqis" nonsense the former President Bush tried to feed us during the first Gulf War.

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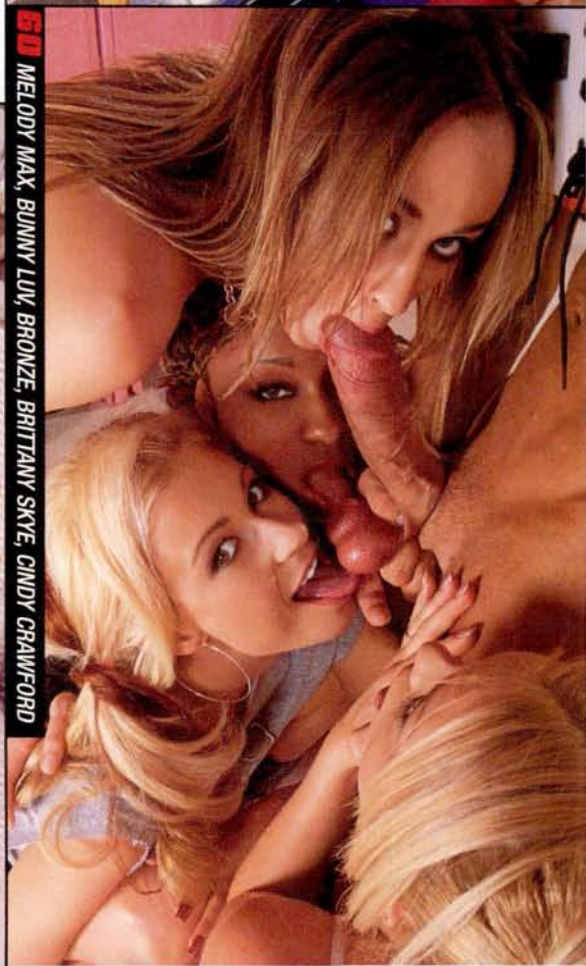

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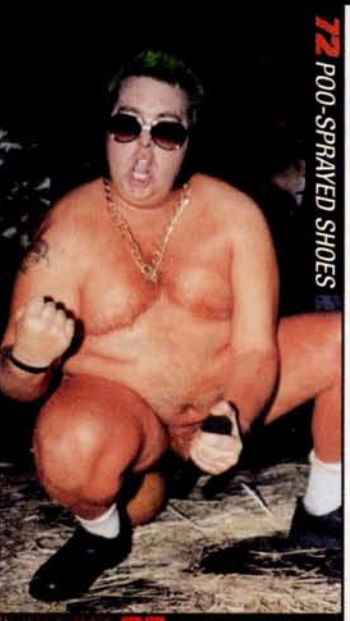

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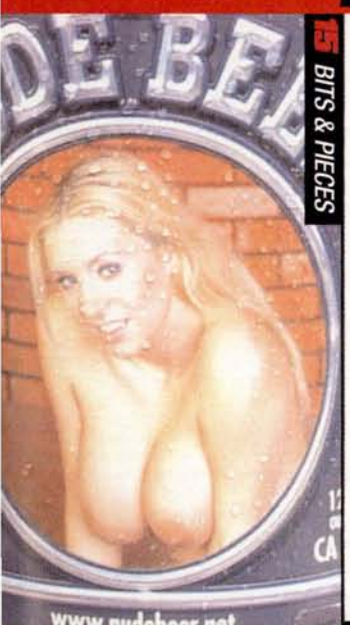

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All nude models are 18 years of age or older.

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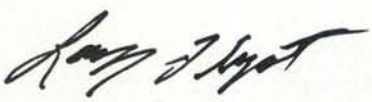
SUPPORT OUR TROOPS

We have been hearing a lot from George W. Bush these past few months about supporting our troops. I agree with the sentiment, but I have a few questions for the President-Select:

Mr. Bush, how exactly should this support of our troops be manifested? Should we show it by supporting your suggested cuts in veterans' benefits, the deepest cuts of this type since the Great Depression? Somehow that doesn't seem quite appropriate, given the sacrifices we have asked of our military personnel. Perhaps you would have us support our armed forces by endorsing your plan, just recently introduced to Congress, to slash education funding for many military families. Or would you have us endorse your directive that the Veterans Administration withhold information on veterans' benefits, a policy you set in place last year? Not all of us can stoop to such a level.

Maybe you would have us continue to deny the existence of Gulf War Syndrome—the result of your daddy's dirty little war—a policy you have continued since seizing office. Is that the kind of support our troops should get? I don't think so, and I don't believe most Americans do either.

Mr. President-Select, I ask you to support our troops by reversing the above policies and by significantly increasing the pay of our servicemen and women (which is so low that thousands of military families currently collect food stamps). In other words, I'm asking that you substitute positive action for empty rhetoric. A commander in chief who truly supports our troops would have no problem doing that.



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Nuts for Butts

I love your magazine—the jokes, articles and beautiful women. I also love the stories about spanking. I hope you can show girls getting their butts spanked and descriptions of this activity. Tell Larry I said hello. I really admire him and his free thinking. He's a genius. I also admire his blackjack ability and hope to visit his casino sometime. I look forward to receiving HUSTLER each month. —L.M.

Grand Junction, Colorado

Pinched in Prison

As a subscriber to your terrific rag, please let me be the first to welcome you into the world of child pornography; or so says the New York Department of Correctional Services. I'm a prisoner at the Clinton Correctional Facility in Dannemora, New York. These incestuous hillbillies have sunk to a new low in their quest to deny prisoners your magazine. Their new ploy is to label HUSTLER as kiddie porn—which explains why these inbred motherfuckers keep stealing your rag from me. I'm lucky if I get seven out of 12 issues. It seems that they never learned how to read between their hog-calling and sister-fucking lessons, or else they just did not notice that HUSTLER states that all nude models are 18 years of age or older. It pisses me off to see HUSTLER described as kiddie porn. That would imply that I subscribe to a magazine geared toward pedophiles, which infuriates me even more. I'm not one of those sack-of-shit degenerates in here for sex offenses, especially against some innocent little kid. I look forward to your next issue (if I can actually get it this time).

—J.R.

Dannemora, New York

Celebrity Skin

First of all, I want to tell you that your magazine is the absolute bomb. I love the format and all the cartoons. Most of all, I love the beautiful ladies that you guys show faithfully month after month. I think you have the sexiest and finest women of any magazine. I was wondering, after I saw that great muffin shot of J.Lo ("This Is Her...Now," *Bits & Pieces*, June HUSTLER), if you could put some titties and ass shots of either Halle Berry, Jaime Pressly or Nicole Kidman in the mag. I just found out they have nude scenes in movies, but I have no way of checking them out, since I am in prison and won't be out for quite a while. I have no alternative but to turn to the good people at HUSTLER to do this great public service. —D.G.

Lincoln, Nebraska

Apparently, the rumor is true: Jerking off really can make you go blind. On the very next page after the J.Lo upskirt shot, there was a graphic approximation of Ms. Kidman in a groin-stiffening pose as June's "Celebrity Fantasy."

Hair Supply

This letter is to all the hairy men out there. I'd like to let you all know that a lot of us women really do prefer hair on our men. To me, smooth, hairless bodies are feminine. When I think of masculinity, I think of hairy bods. The exception is head hair. Bald or semibald heads are masculine. To me, the more hair on the body, the better.

—T.J.

Knightstown, Indiana

Krazy for Krystal

I never thought I'd see Christina Aguilera pissing in a bowl or shoving a dildo in her snatch, but Krystal (*Krystal: Light My Fire*, July HUSTLER) is as close to that as possible. She makes Christina look like a third-rate whore. Now if you could only put Krystal in a hardcore layout or, better yet, in a HUSTLER Video getting a hard cock shoved in her tight little ass. —M.W.

Selinsgrove, Pennsylvania

Stars and Gripes

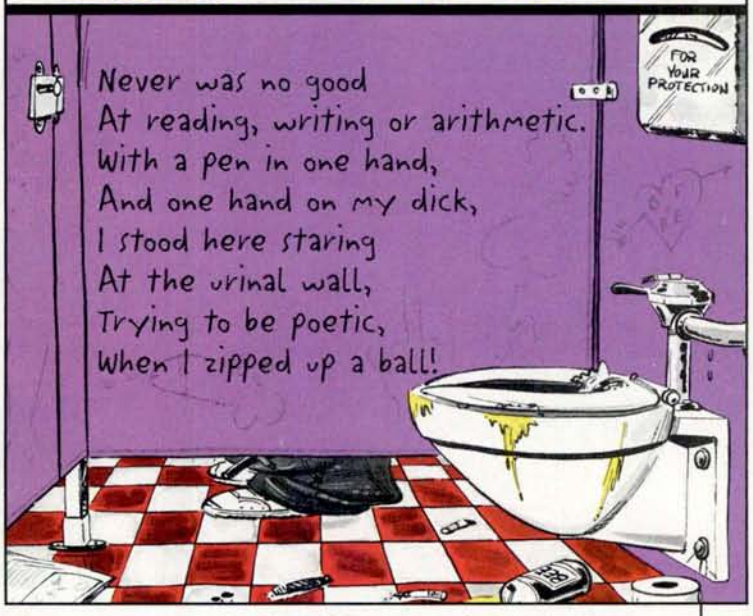
I just wanted to thank you for the positive reporting you've done on the armed forces and for the true concern and friendship you have shown. I have recently enlisted in the United States Army to serve our country and to fulfill a personal ambition I have had since I was in high school. I not only admire you for putting out such a quality, no-holds-barred men's magazine, but also respect you for supporting our military when the mainstream media and protesting pussies have shown their true colors.

—M.K.

Westlake, Ohio

KRYSTAL: WHAT A BOY WANTS

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to ***John W.***

One thing I want to do is have a fine-looking chick squat down on my face and drop a bowel movement in my mouth.

Papal Penis?

I love your "Celebrity Fantasy" picture each month. I have a suggestion for two future candidates: Mother Theresa sucking a dick, and the Pope being fucked in the ass while he is kneeling in prayer. I would love to see these in the future, and I do enjoy your magazine.

—H. B.
Chicago, Illinois

Texas Hold 'Em

HUSTLER'S TABOO sent me a letter informing me that my state has forced me to cancel my subscription. One month prior, the state would not let me order a Jenna Jameson video. How kind of them. Will your state decide to be as kind to you? Only if you stay silent collectively. Please help save all of us from the kindness of our states. Well, Texas does say it's "like a whole other country."

—J. F.
Corpus Christi, Texas

Who knew they meant Stalinist Russia?

Look of Love

Speaking as a longtime fan of HUSTLER, I love the new look. While the magazine probably could have kept plugging along and pleasing readers with the old format, these new enhancements will help ensure that HUSTLER stays at the forefront of irreverent, sexually charged and socially conscious coverage. —R. L.
via Internet

Oral Fixation

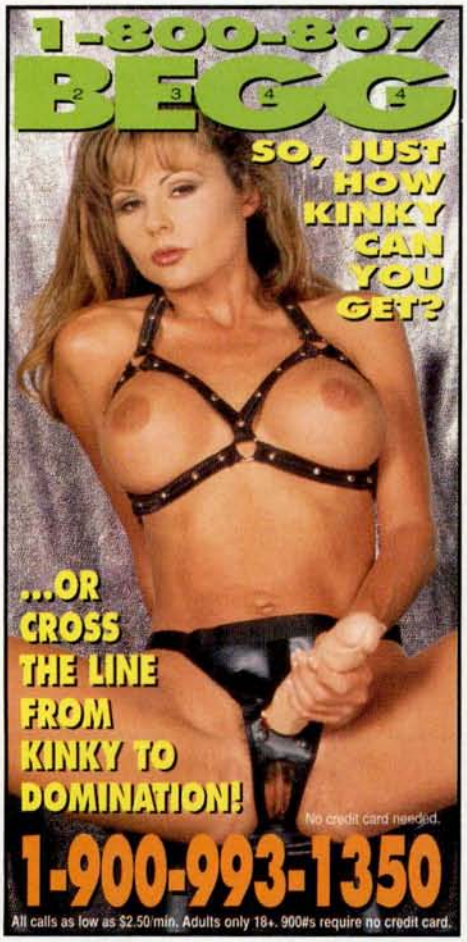
I love it when a hot babe pisses in another hot babe's mouth. That is fucking awesome. I've let my girlfriend piss in my mouth. When she finished, I immediately brushed my teeth. The one thing I want to do before I get too old is to have a fine-looking chick squat down on my face while I'm laying on my back and drop a bowel movement in my mouth. Bodily waste is so gross and nasty, but it's somehow different with a good-looking chick. I would love to allow her to do this to me while I'm jacking off, just before I shoot a load down her throat. I have not yet found a perfect ten or higher to perform such an activity with, but I'm still looking. Maybe someday. —S. W.
Zanesville, Ohio

Sexual Syntax

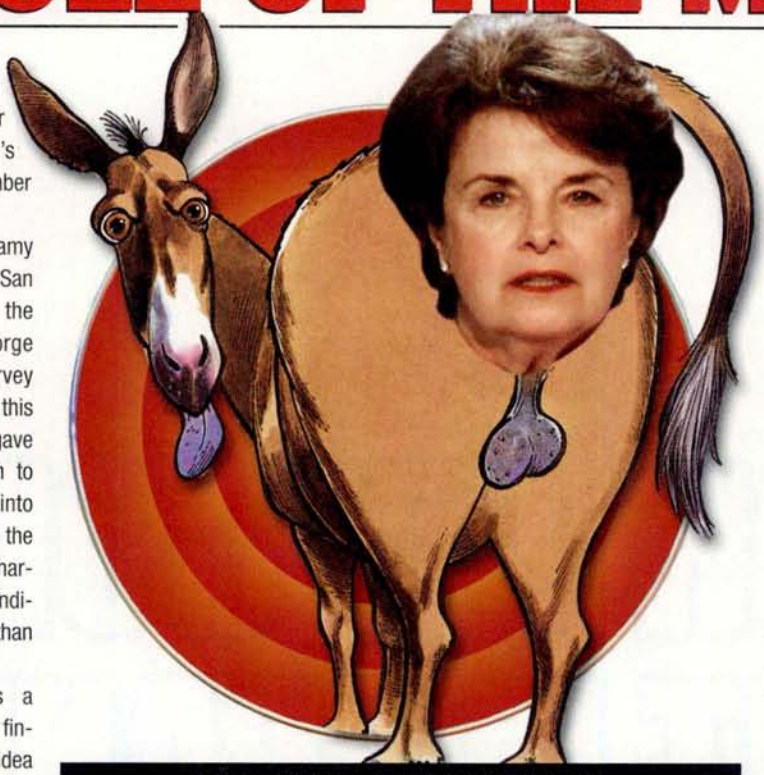
When did the term "jerking off" become "jacking off"? Is "jacking off" more PC or more genteel? "Jerking off" certainly describes the action more closely. —N. B.
Manasquan, New Jersey

We're not sure, N.B. When did "fucking" become "boinking," or "blowjob" become "hummer"? HUSTLER embraces the rainbow of sexual synonyms. As for masturbatory euphemisms, we prefer "strangling Bill O'Reilly."

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH



DIANNE FEINSTEIN

A cunt with two faces, both of them caked in shit, California Senator Dianne Feinstein is HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for September 2003.

Feinstein began her rise to infamy when she became mayor of San Francisco in 1978, following the assassination of Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk. The most tragic aspect of this double murder may be that it gave Feinstein a toehold from which to hoist her sagging haunches into national politics. Since joining the Senate in 1992, the 70-year-old harridan has displayed a regard for individual freedom that hangs lower than the jowls on her sneering mug.

DumbFuck DiFi advocates a national ID card complete with fingerprint and eye-retina scan, an idea straight out of Nazi Germany. A grandstanding blowhard, she stumps for an amendment to ban flag burning, opining that doing so "would not infringe on our longstanding tradition of free speech." (The U.S. Supreme Court, thankfully, disagrees.)

On the subject of Internet privacy, she out-brownshirts John Ashcroft, pushing to limit access to encryption products—a move that even Ashcroft opposed.

Feinstein's jackbooted hysteria took a bizarre turn in July 2001, when she wrote a letter to airlines proposing a two-drink limit for passengers on domestic flights, supposedly to curtail "air rage."

Never mind that airlines are already prohibited from serving drunk passengers. Feinstein made it clear that her missive was no mere suggestion: If the airlines failed to comply voluntarily, warned the would-be Carrie Nation, "I am in the process of writing legislation."

Dipshit Di's worst transgressions occur when she shoots off her mouth about firearms. "Banning guns addresses a fundamental right of all Americans to feel safe," dribbles Feinstein, who seemingly never read the Second Amendment. "If I could have gotten 51 votes in the Senate of the United States for an outright ban...I would have done it."

Apparently, DiFi maintains a "let them eat lead" stance on our Constitutional right to bear arms. Lost somewhere in her bluster is the fact that Feinstein herself had obtained a concealed-weapon permit.

Di-Di was no less wobbly over the recent U.S. invasion of Iraq. In August 2002, Feinstein introduced a proposed resolution condemning the Bush Administration's rush to war. Force, she declared, should be used "only after full debate and consideration of all the options."

Two months later, with predictable lack of conviction, Feinstein voted to authorize the use of force.

"I did not come to this decision easily," Dianne burbled. She did so, she claimed, because Saddam Hussein could develop nukes "in as little as one year."

As proof, Feinstein cited a meeting with experts at the International Atomic Energy Agency. Weeks earlier, that very agency had emphatically denied such claims, stating, "There is no evidence in our view that can be substantiated on Iraq's nuclear-weapons program."

When Bush decided to attack Iraq, Feinstein tried to squeeze the turd back into the rectum, carping, "This new strategy...will make the world more dangerous, not safer."

If that's so, why did Doddering Di vote for it in the first place? The answer might reside in the bank account of her husband, Richard Blum.

Coinciding with the Iraq invasion buildup, companies tied to Blum scored curiously plum military deals. In April 2003, URS Corp., a firm in which Blum controls about 24% of the stock, won a contract worth up to $600 million to help with troop mobilization; this follows a February army engineering contract for URS worth a potential $3.1 billion. General-contracting company Perini Corporation, meanwhile, reached an agreement with the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers valued at up to $100 million to construct, operate and maintain overseas locations. As luck would have it, 75% of Perini is controlled by investor groups led by Blum and company chairman Ronald Tutor.

Would the contracts be necessary without the flurry of military activity that Feinstein, despite her supposed opposition, voted for? Moreover, would they have gone to Blum-related firms had wifey voted "nay"?

The shady parallel between Feinstein's flip-flop and hubby's windfall bear the whiff of kickback, intermixed with the fecal stench of Dianne "Asshole" Feinstein.

FARTS IN THE WIND

Philip Giordano: During his 2000 Senatorial bid, former Waterbury, Connecticut, mayor Giordano accused opponent Joe Lieberman of not backing legislation that would "protect children from pedophiles." In March 2003, Giordano was convicted on 17 counts related to sexual assaults on two girls, then aged eight and ten. According to testimony, the victims, the daughter and niece of a local prostitute, were pimped out by their kin to Giordano and forced to take turns blowing him. Giordano proves that one can still possess a prick despite being a total Asshole.

Don Neddo: An organizer of pro-war rallies in upstate New York, Neddo bolstered his reputation by telling the media about his overseas service in the Korean War. After his story was questioned, Neddo admitted that he had been in a New York State Guard unit and never left the local armory. Neddo is on overactive duty as an Asshole First Class.

Disclaimer: Parody. Not to be taken seriously. No such product exists. Not to be confused with Tide, which we believe would probably be very good for cleaning shit stains.

Bits&Pieces

BUTT PLUG OF THE MONTH

A-HOLE IN ONE

What would *you* like to see in a Honey's ass?

S. W. of Melville, New York, loves to golf and wanted us to plant "a driver right up a chick's fairway." Brittany Skye assumed the traditional golfing position (left arm straight and knees bent) and took a swing at it. She's since given up golf, which is too bad. With her special technique, Brittany would have been more fun to watch than Tiger Woods. HUSTLER encourages readers to tell us what they'd like to see embedded in a babe's booty. Send requests to: HUSTLER's "Butt Plug of the Month," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

BRASS BALLS AWARD

While most Oscar winners gushed the same old Hollywood acceptance speeches this year, Michael Moore, who won an Oscar for his documentary *Bowling for Columbine*, took the stage and bravely stated the truth: "We live in a time where fictitious election results give us a fictitious President. We are now fighting a war for fictitious reasons. Whether it's the fiction of duct tape or the fictitious 'Orange Alerts,' we are against this war, Mr. Bush. Shame on you, Mr. Bush, shame on you. And, whenever you've got the Pope and the Dixie Chicks against you, your time is up." Bravo, Mr. Moore; and now we would like to present you with the HUSTLER Brass Balls award to put next to your Oscar.

CUTTING EDGE

Calling all flatulence fans! If you love farting, you'll want to catch a whiff of *Foul Wind*. The hour-long documentary includes guys cutting the cheese in girls' faces, a doctor describing deadly farts, a girl seeking revenge by lighting a farter's ass on fire and a city council meeting where a "Fart Awareness Week" is proposed. In a guest appearance, porn star Ron Jeremy advises what types of flatus are appropriate at which stage in a romantic relationship: "After six months, you can give your girl the Dutch oven." You can't get priceless advice like that from Dr. Phil. If you want to save a relationship or just laugh your ass off, go to www.FoulWind.com to order a VHS or DVD of this fart fiesta.

"SHE'S SMOKIN' HOT!"

Porn From the Past

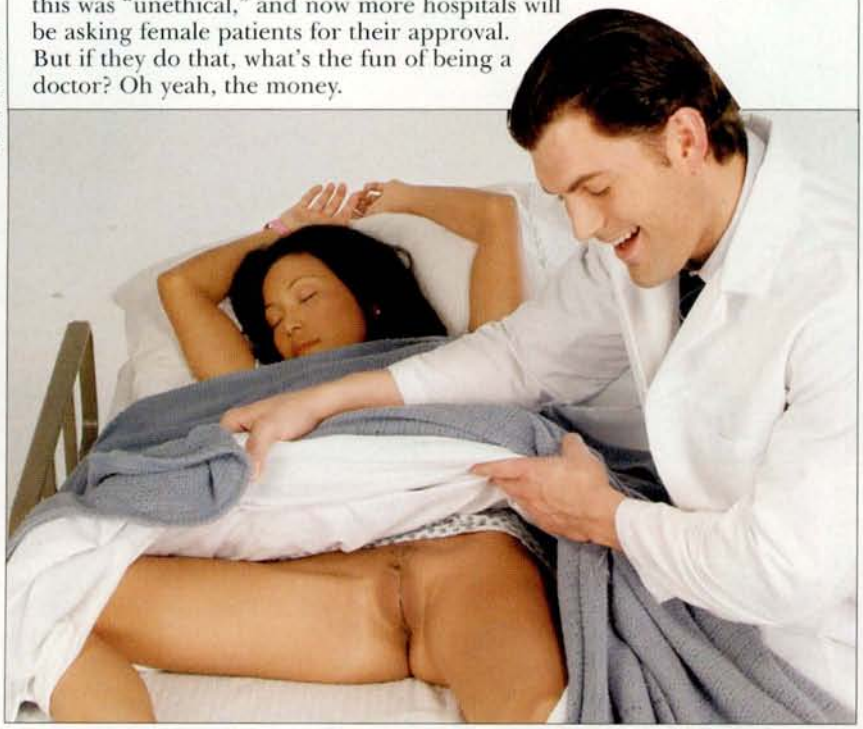
Thanks and $150 go to **G. D.** of Waco, Texas, for this unidentified chain smoker. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned. HUSTLER is not responsible for lost pictures.

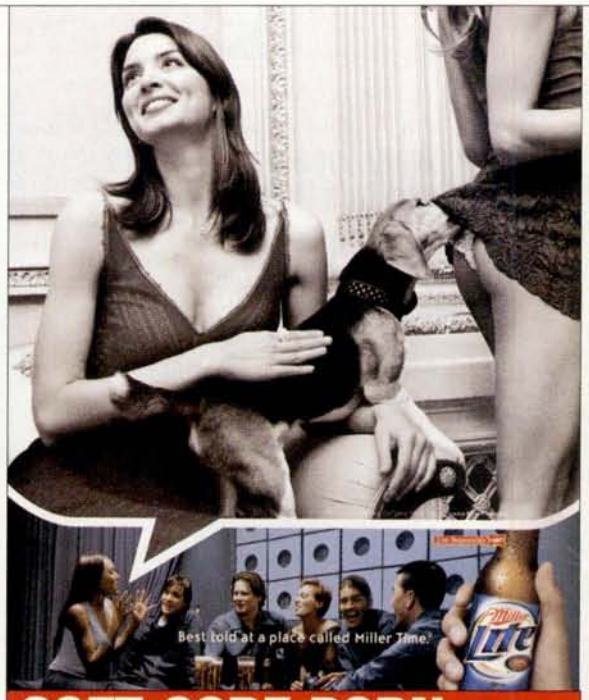
"The trouble with wedlock is that there's not enough wed and too much lock." —CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

"A mother-in-law dies only when another devil is needed in hell." —FRANÇOIS RABELAIS

WHILE YOU WERE SLEEPING

Although it was not commonly known, for decades it was routine practice for medical students to give anesthetized women pelvic exams without their consent. Unfortunately, some medical students—former hall monitors, no doubt—at schools such as the University of California San Francisco School of Medicine and Harvard Medical School complained that this was "unethical," and now more hospitals will be asking female patients for their approval. But if they do that, what's the fun of being a doctor? Oh yeah, the money.

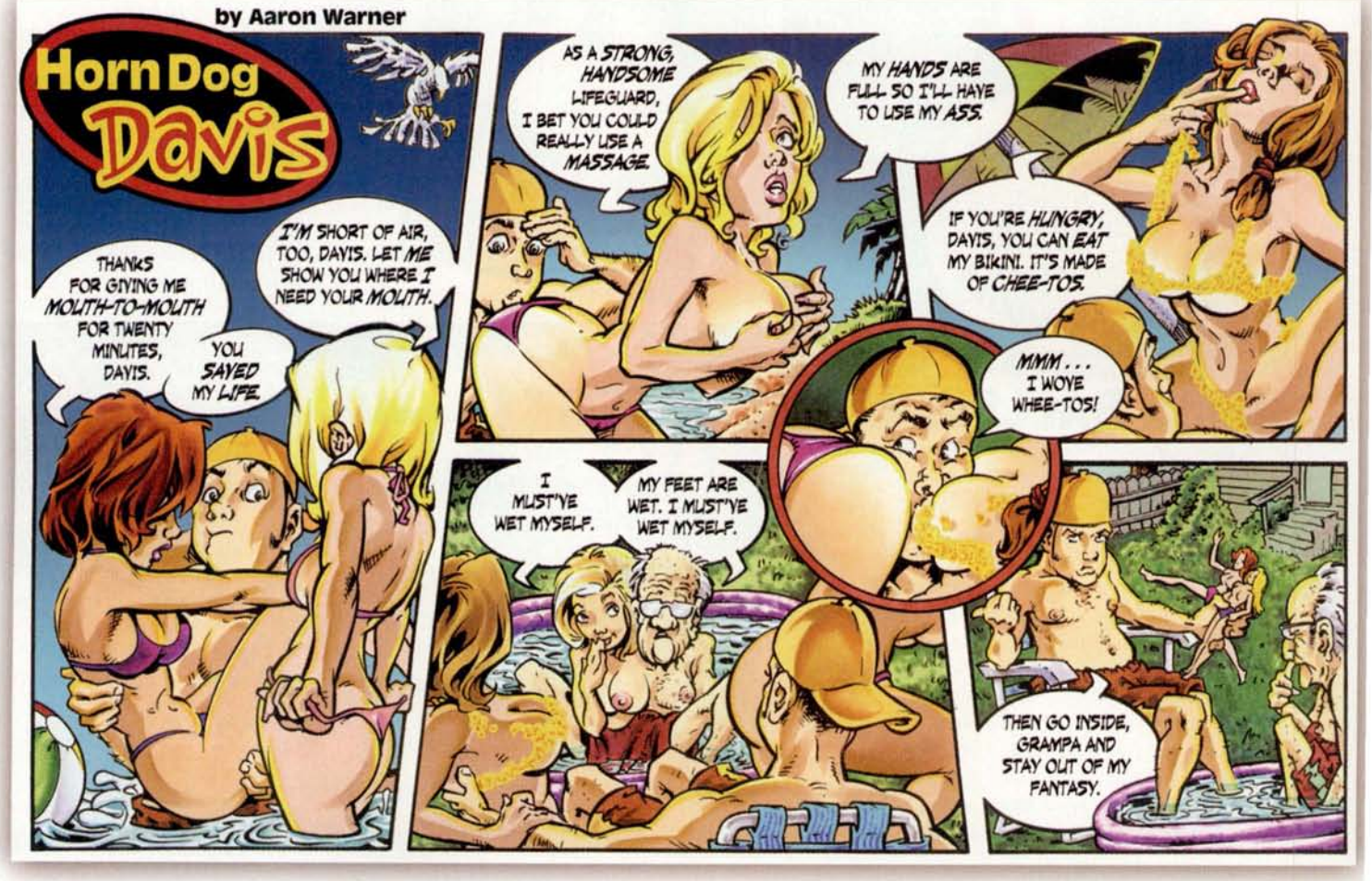




SOFT-CORE PORN OF THE MONTH

This little pooch looks like he found a new friend in this Miller Lite ad featured in *Ramp Magazine*. You know the world is going to the dogs when canines are getting more action than some of the editors at HUSTLER.

by Aaron Warner



NEWSBITES

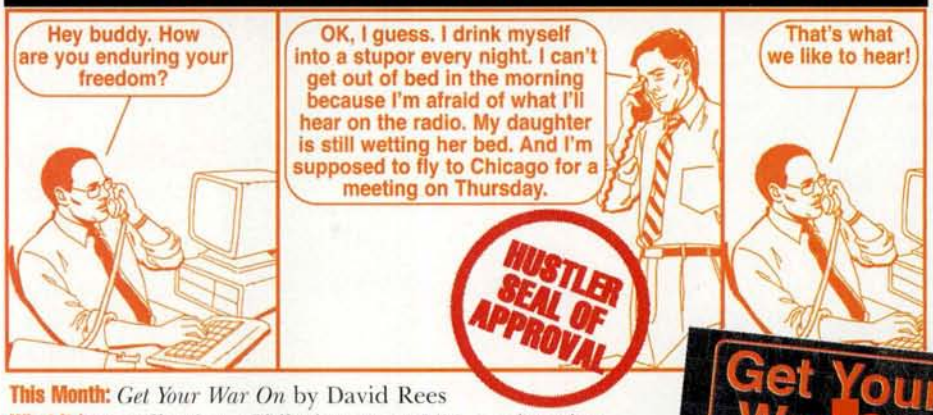
Sometimes Men Fake It Too: In Punta Gorda, Florida, a short fat guy has been pretending to choke in public places so that girls will "rescue" him. Dubbed the "Choking Man" by local newspapers, he coughs and flails his arms dramatically as if he can't breathe. When unsuspecting women rush over to help, he "thanks" them with hugs and kisses. A half dozen women have reported the Choking Man, but police say he has committed no crime. Of course it's not a crime; it's a legitimate way to meet compassionate women. Choke on, Choking Man!

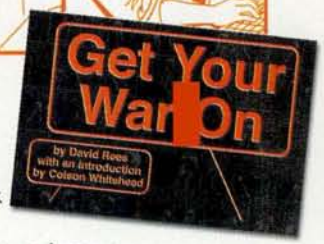
Don't Start Me Up: The Chinese government told the Rolling Stones they cannot perform their songs "Brown Sugar," "Honky Tonk Women," "Beast of Burden" or "Let's Spend the Night Together" during their first-ever concerts in China. The Chinese Ministry of Culture did not say why the classic tunes were forbidden, but the hits all include sexual references. Is the Chinese government afraid that one billion Chinese are suddenly going to discover sex if they hear the Stones sing about it?

Sexless Sex Ed: The Kansas state senate voted to withhold $3,000,000 from the University of Kansas because of an undergraduate sex-ed class taught by Dennis Dailey. Republican state Senator Susan Wagle says Dailey displayed pictures of genitalia of girls ages five and ten. Pardon us for pointing out the obvious, but isn't sexual development part of sex education? Wagle also accused Dailey of telling female students to explore their own genitals as "homework." What's the problem with that? If masturbation were homework in more schools, it would surely reduce the drop-out rate and raise GPAs across the nation.

I Need Just One More Minute!: A dozen female library employees in Minneapolis tried to stop men from checking out nudie Web sites on library computers and, understandably, some of the guys got angry. Now the librarians are suing for $450,000 each for "humiliation, emotional distress and anxiety." What about the men? Not being able to check out the luscious babes on sites like www.HUSTLER.com is bound to create "emotional distress" and "anxiety" for these poor fellas. Note to self: Do *not* move to Minneapolis.

ENDURING OUR FREEDOM





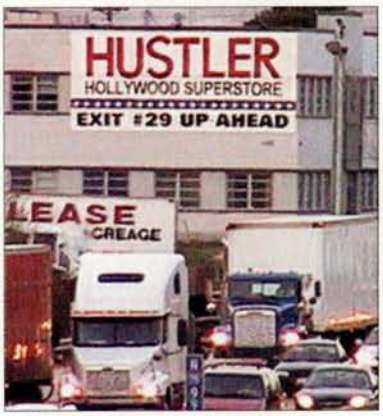
This Month: *Get Your War On* by David Rees
What It Is: A collection of hilarious post-9/11 comic strips.
Why We Care: Rees is a combination of George Carlin and George Orwell. His unique style features clip art of office drones trying to cope in an abnormal world of double-speak from the Bush Administration, anthrax scares, corporate scandals, the exploitation of September 11, illegal detentions and more.
Buzz: The cartoon strip has appeared in ***Rolling Stone***.
How to Get It: *Get Your War On* is available at most book stores, or you can order it through the publisher's Web site at www.SoftSkull.com. Unlike Bush and Cheney, David Rees is not cashing in on the war on terrorism. All royalties go to the Adopt-A-Minefield Campaign.
Bottom Line: Get your copy before John Ashcroft pulls it off the shelves in the name of "homeland security."

GOOD SHIT!

WEB SITE OF THE MONTH

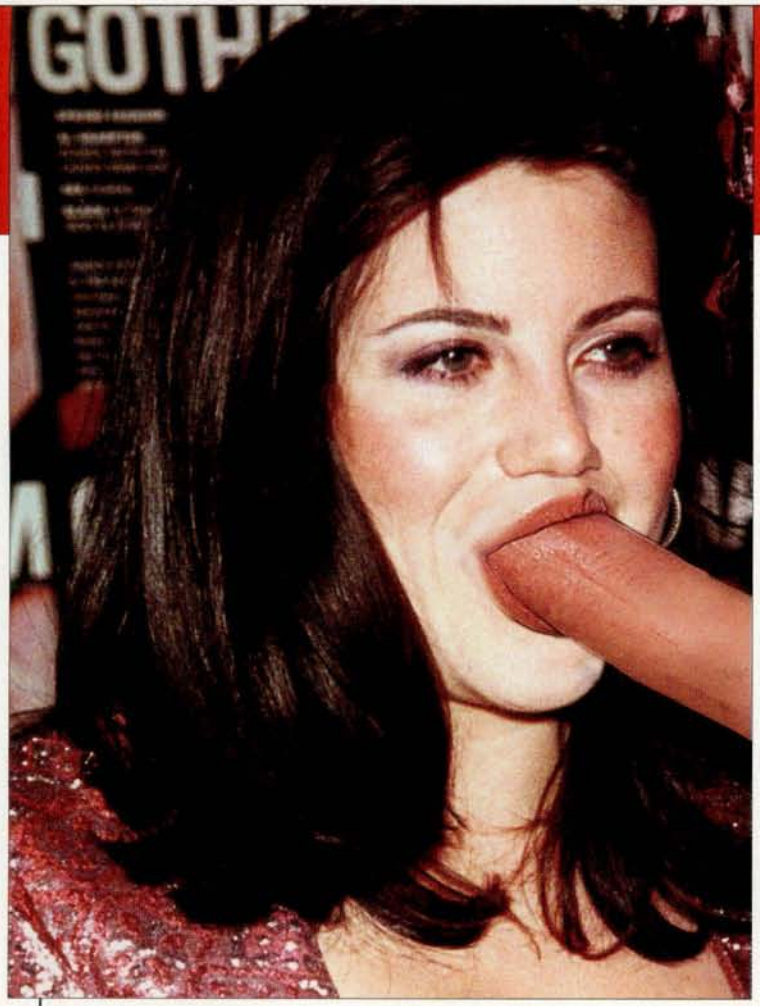
We all study our own crap before flushing once in a while, but have you ever wondered how your fecal output measures up to other people's butt bounty? Rate My Poo features horrific pictures of stank that you can rank on a scale of one to ten. Some of the turds are truly hideous and may produce nightmares; so we strongly recommend it for small children who are easily frightened and elderly people with heart conditions. For fun with feces, go to www.RateMyPoo.com.

★A BANNER DAY FOR FREEDOM★



When the CCV (Citizens for Community Values) pressured local billboard companies not to do business with HUSTLER in Cincinnati, Jimmy Flynt (our esteemed leader's brother) placed a large HUSTLER banner on a building to advertise the HUSTLER superstore in nearby Monroe, Ohio. But the CCV soon squealed about the banner to zoning officials, who then ordered Jimmy to remove it or face a $100-a-day fine. Like a true Flynt, Jimmy refused to remove the banner and is fighting the prudes and the zoning officials in court. When will these narrow-minded, tight-assed citizen groups for "community values" finally realize that free speech *is* a community value?

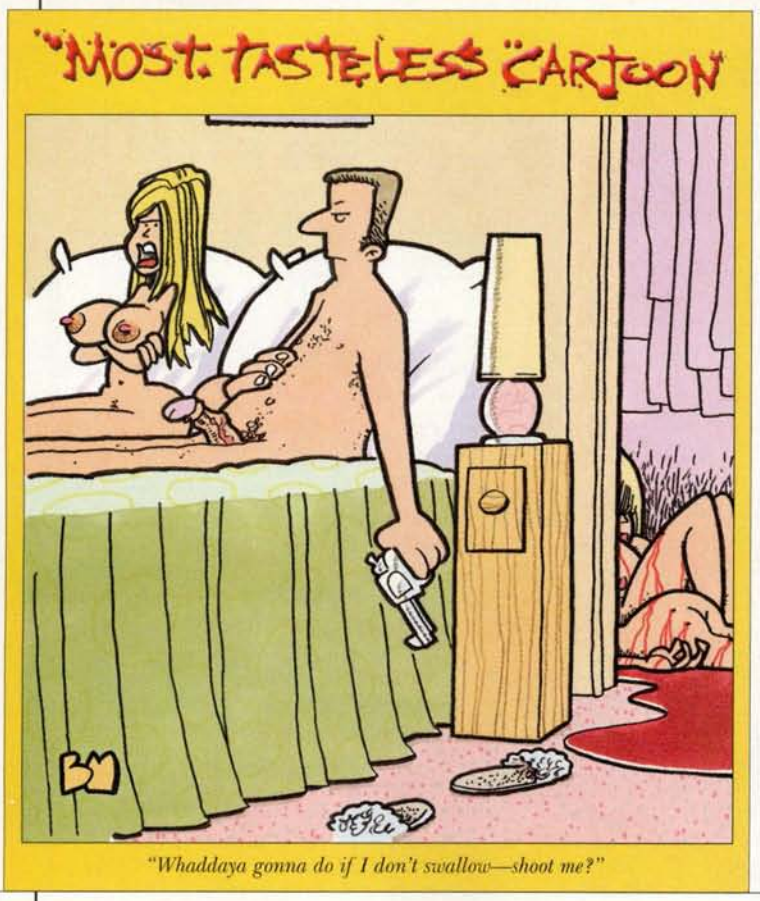
"Love is what happens to a man and a woman who don't know each other." —W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM



WHAT WOULD *Monica Lewinsky* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Monica Lewinsky's résumé just keeps growing. After a memorable internship in Washington, D.C., and a gig as a handbag designer, she most recently hosted a dating game show on Fox, *Mr. Personality*. If you haven't seen the show, Miss Presidential Kneepads offers dating tips to a female contestant. Monica Lewinsky offering relationship advice? She should stick to what she really knows: How to blow a President.

Disclaimer: No such picture of Monica Lewinsky exists that we know of, although maybe Bill has one. This is a social commentary on how easy it is for untalented people to land TV shows simply by doing something infamous while talented people sit on the sidelines and wait for their chance for years.



"Whaddaya gonna do if I don't swallow—shoot me?"

Suds for Puds

Most beer companies just tease us with sexually suggestive ads, but Nude Beer actually delivers. Nude Beer has teamed up with X-rated Peach DVD to create a whole new dimension of inebriation. Just peel the label off, and you're in horndog heaven with a beautiful Peach Girl. It's the perfect brew for the industrious man who likes to drink, ogle and jerk off at the same time. If your wife or girlfriend has banned porn magazines and videos, Nude Beer is your loophole to hours of drunken masturbatory fun. And just in case you're wondering, the beer actually tastes good. To find a store near you that carries Nude Beer, go to www.DrinkNudeBeer.com.

"Love is so much better when you are not married." —MARIA CALLAS

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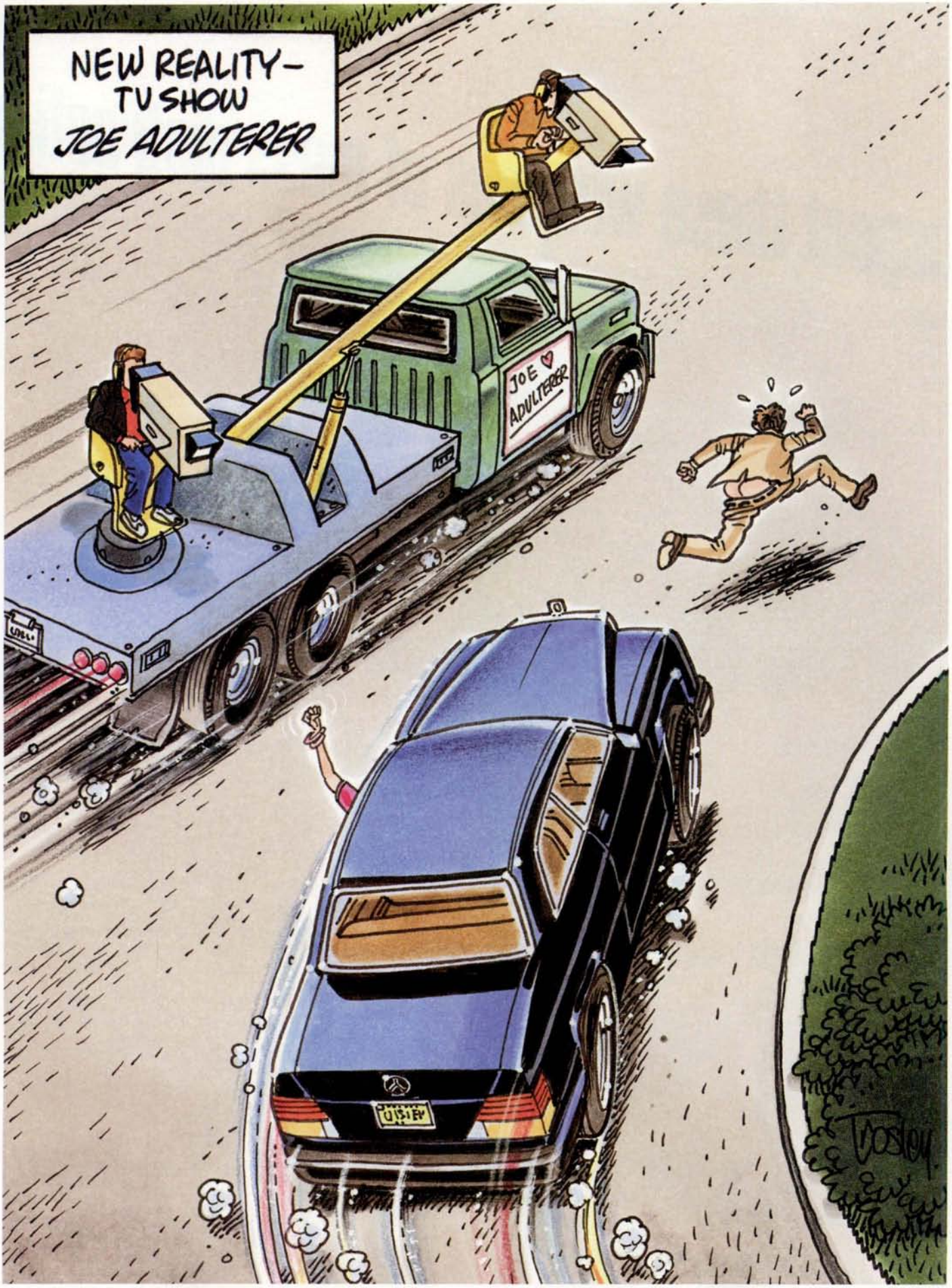
NEW REALITY-
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TELEPHONE TAIL

Chasing Chicks on Chat Lines

BY F. SCOTT ALEXANDER

It's Saturday in Hollywood, California, just before two in the morning. I'm in some random drinking hole on Sunset Boulevard, consuming liquor at a heroic pace. As patrons scramble to finish martinis and pay outrageous tabs, I conduct one final, desperate search for that little blond hottie in a black dress I was rapping with an hour before.

She totally wanted to fuck; I could see it in her eyes. I just have to find her and talk her into fucking *me*. But she isn't anywhere in the bar.

I leave the club and see my lust object surrounded by four hunky actor-types helping her into the backseat of their dark-green Escalade. The latest hit single by Nelly pumps from the speakers.

Feeling rejected, I crawl home and immediately head for my porn drawer. Smut never skips off with more attractive men, leaving me stranded. It's always there, ready to soothe bruised egos and bloated balls. But not tonight. Nothing in my filth arsenal sparks my interest long enough to get the job done. What does a healthy young man do when confronted with this dilemma? Call all the sluts in his phone book? Use his imagination? Go to sleep? I don't think so.

I decide to solicit the services of a call girl from the back pages of the *L.A. Weekly*, but I soon discover that my finances can't float this kind of pussy.

I turn a few pages, and some ads catch my eye: "Chat locally—meet someone tonight!" "Always live, always hot!" "Sexy local women!" There are numerous offers for free trials. *Free sex*, I silently slobber. *I've hit the jackpot!*

Why pay for poon when I can coax a strange woman into fornicating with me using the phone? Sure, it's a desperate activity, but these are desperate times.

Chat lines work in a pretty elementary manner. You call up the number, record a personal message and scroll through the greetings left by women who are on live. When one sparks a little interest, you forward her a private message, telling her what you'll do to her sexually. If she digs the cut of your jib, she'll get back to you. Get her pussy humming, and she'll be furnishing you with directions to her house.

My greeting is that of a horny man who struck out at a bar and is in desperate need of sex: "Hello, ladies. My name is Mark," I slur, already lying. "I'm a white male from Hollywood. I'm sitting here, bored and horny, and I want to meet up with some women for a good time. I'm mobile, good-looking and willing to travel. I'm very into performing oral on a woman. Anyone interested, get back to me."

I listen to the chicks' greetings:

"Hey, this is an African-American female looking for a real man to satisfy me. I'm very oral. Big-time party girl. Luscious 44, triple-D tits, superthick ass. You know how I like it. Hit me back."

"I'm Cassie. I'm new to the L.A. area. I'm just lying in bed, bored as shit. I need a hot man to tell me what to do with my fingers. If I like what you have to say, maybe we can meet."

"Very busty, lusty bombshell here. People say I look like Diana Ross. I'm 180 pounds, weight proportionate to height. Very bisexual and very open-minded. Holler at me if you're interested in hooking up tonight."

There are 45 other messages on this telepersonal highway for me to listen to. Men posing as women make up a good 25% of the list, but fortunately their husky come-ons are easy to weed out. I leave messages for every incoherent Latin chick, every 200-pound black heifer in search of "gangsta-style niggaz" to come and gang-bang her fat ass, and every young, nubile white skank in the mood for an intimate encounter.

The responses come quickly. I receive a slew of, "You can't handle this black ass, white boy" and, "I don't have a pussy, but you can fuck my ass if you got the balls to come and get it."

Finally, a woman named Juliet actually contacts me before I reach her greeting. She says I seem "normal enough" from my greeting and if I want to talk, I should tell her something dirty in my return message to her. I express how I deeply want to caress her naked skin and penetrate her every orifice with my thick, nine-inch member. I even mention a love for cunnilingus.

Soon enough, Juliet falls for my bullshit, hook, line and sinker.

I start to panic. I have no clue as to who this woman is. Hell, she could be another fucking man for all I know—or 400 pounds of legless hell. I'm not sure which would be worse.

I pull off the desolate 101 freeway and head north on the main drag. Three lights down, I make a right at the Taco Bell, then a left at the church. I pull over and shut my car off. The street is eerily quiet. I hop out, fix my ratty hair *(continued on page 152)*

LAY OF THE LAND

CAMERON CRUISE AND TRIXI

Cameron and Trixi are ardent nature lovers, but instead of hugging trees, they prefer groping each other. Eager to properly utilize the natural resources around her, Trixi buried her face deep in Cameron's lush wetlands.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

As Cameron got hotter and hotter, Trixi thought it might be a sign of global warming, and for once she was happy about it. The girls planted their tongues inside each other and agreed: Pussy tastes better than granola any day of the week.

Cameron burns it up in HIGH OCTANE #3 and HUSTLER'S PRECIOUS PINK #10, while Trixi gets Tali-banged in MR. BEAVER GOES TO AFGHANISTAN on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.shophustler.com to order.

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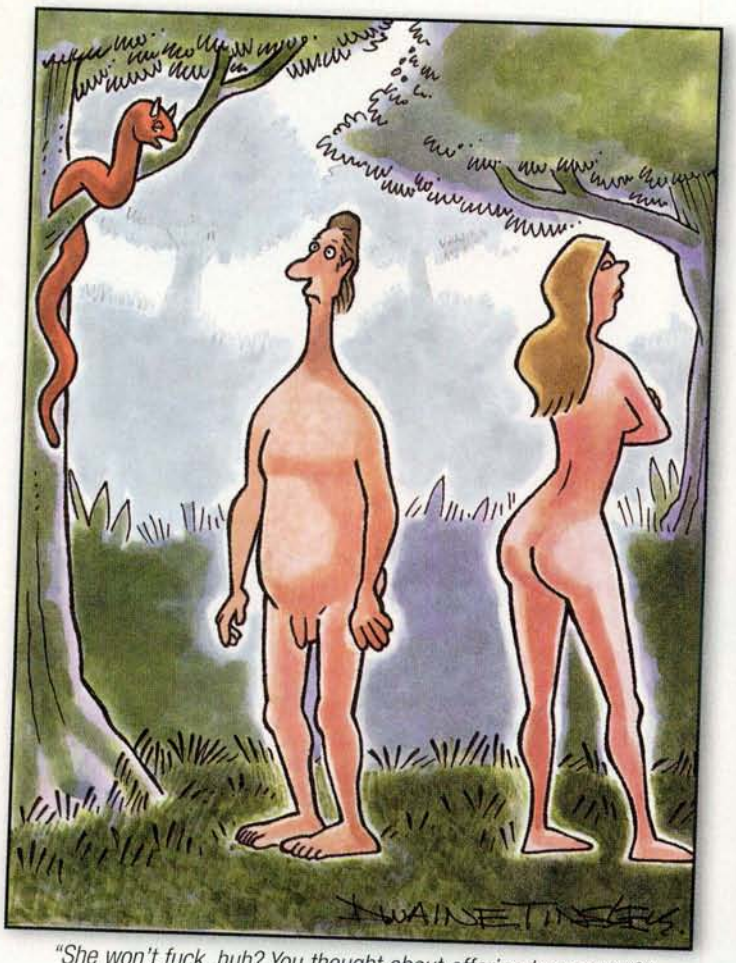
"I like your girlfriend, son – she's outgoing!"

"Can I put you on our mailing list?"



"She won't fuck, huh? You thought about offering her money?"

Nancy Ann is a sexologist and freelance writer contributing insights on the latest sexual techniques, sex toys, and supplemental enhancements in the U.S, Canada, and Europe.

Give Her a Cum-Drenching the ultimate fuck She'll Never Forget

By Nancy Ann

Learning "The Ropes"...

I'd like to share a letter from a reader, about a secret that makes sex absolutely explosive (literally!).

Amy writes:
Nancy, my boyfriend has always been able to satisfy me sexually. With an ample cock-size, average endurance, and creative oral technique, he almost never fails to get me off. But what I experienced the night he returned home from a business trip in Europe was the surprise of my life—a fucking I will never forget, and an orgasm that no man before him has ever come close to equaling.

Since I love to suck cock, the second my boyfriend dropped his luggage I stripped off his clothes and proceeded to please him with my best welcome-home blowjob.

Before long my wet mouth had him pumping gob after hot gob down my throat and on my face. With a fistful of throbbing cock, I held on for dear life as he unloaded his sweet jism; these were "power throbs" that kept launching massive amounts of come. I've never seen anything like it—a man having a multiple! I was so totally turned on being nearly drowned with his super-human load. And it didn't stop there! He stayed erect, throwing me down on the floor and pounding my twat until we both had simultaneous, earth-shattering orgasms, practically causing both of us to pass out. The rest of the evening and throughout the week we fucked ourselves into a frenzy; his recovery time between these supercharged orgasms was that of a teenage boy.

Since that mind-blowing night, all I can think of is sucking and fucking my new "power lover" all hours of the day and night. Finally, curiosity got the best of me, so I asked what had turned him into such a fuck machine. His answer: He had learned "The Ropes."

Turns out my boyfriend had spent an evening in Europe with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was openly sexual and couldn't keep their hands off each other, so my boyfriend asked them their secret. The nutritionist explained he regularly took a natural supplement, and gave my boyfriend about a month's supply, telling him it would teach him "the ropes" of great sex.

The supply is about to run out, and we want to know where we can buy this incredible enhancement. Do you know if this product is available in the States?

Amy B.
Dallas, Texas

Amy, you and the rest of my readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes," and the supplement your boyfriend's Swedish nutritionist friend likely shared.

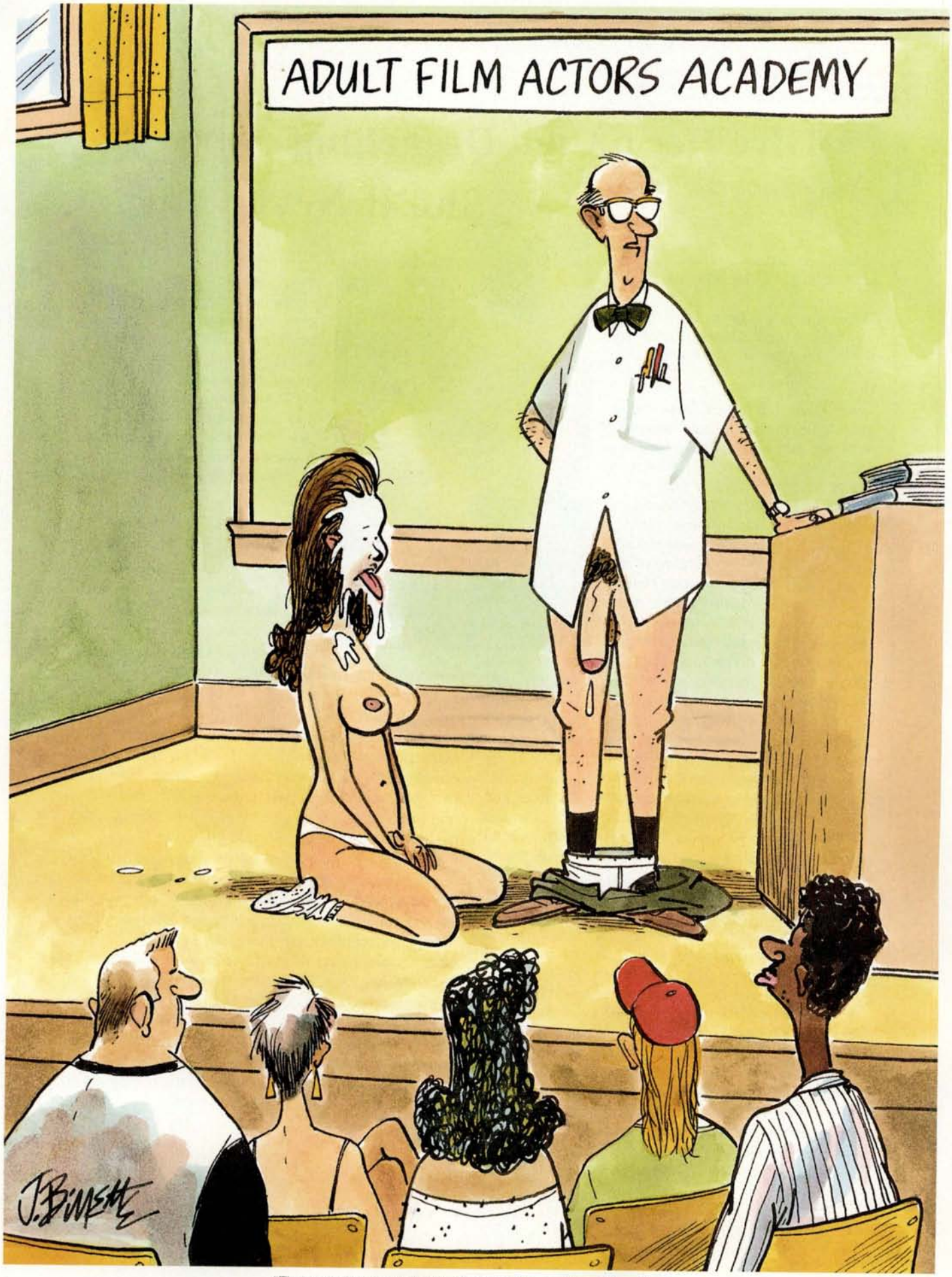
The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by using a product called Serogen. It's a natural, pure extract specially formulated to trigger better, more powerful orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Serogen can help stimulate a strong female orgasm.

The term the Swedish nutritionist used is actually fairly common slang for the effect your boyfriend experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as "ropes" because of the rope-like effect of release during climax.

As far as finding this enhancement in the States, I know of just one importer—Somalab. If you are interested, you can contact the company toll-free at 1-866-SOM-A-LAB or visit the Web site www.somalab.net. Serogen is an all-natural, herbal-derived tablet. Most people I've spoken with have said that just taking three a day has led to the roping effect Amy describes in her letter.

Nancy Ann

Nancy Ann



"That was the classic facial. There will be a quiz on Thursday."

Dreadlock Dick

I love sucking cock, but my new boyfriend has hair on the shaft of his prick. His balls are hairy too, and it's really turning me off from doing what I love most. How do I tell him all this without hurting his feelings? I wouldn't mind shearing his nether regions for him, but I have never shaved a hairy cock and balls before. Is it okay to shave someone else, and, if so, can you tell me how to bring up the subject so I don't upset him?

—D. G.
via Internet

I think that telling him, "Honey, I love sucking your cock and taking you all the way down my yap, but I'm feeling like a cat with a fur ball; let's get rid of some of these extra hairs," should make him smile and grab the razor. If your man's dong beard is long and curly, I'd start with scissors, followed by a clean, fresh razor and lots of lather. Don't apply lotions directly afterward, as this could lead to skin irritation; just let his cock air-dry.

Urine Trouble

I have been having fantasies about drinking piss. I finally got up the courage to ask my girlfriend if I could quaff her bladder juice, but she flipped out on me. We had a terrific sex life right up until that moment, but now she looks at me like I am some kind of freak. I really love her, and don't want to lose her, but I am going crazy thinking about tasting her urine. I have never had these fantasies before. Is there some way I can explain to my girl that I need to chug her pee?

—S. P.
Boulder, Colorado

Let the subject drop for now, because she's obviously wigged out. If you have the kind of relationship that weathers the storm, you can bring up the topic of piss-drinking again at a later date. If not, you aren't the only one who enjoys this type of fantasy, and there are plenty of other girls out there who would happily oblige.

Desperate Dildo

I'm a guy on a tight budget. I don't have much cash, and my girl wants to experiment with sex toys. Is there anywhere I can buy these things used?

—R. J.
Ithaca, New York

I don't believe that there's anywhere you can purchase used dildos, and with good reason. If your budget is truly the issue, take a trip to the grocery store and let your imagination run wild. Most kinds of fruit, vegetable or meat products are user-friendly as long as they're wrapped in at least one latex condom. You definitely want to stay away from pineapples and prickly pears, but think about the possibilities of a turkey drumstick wrapped in a rubber.

Gender Bender

I'm a 49-year-old man who wants to take female hormones. If I need a prescription, how do I get one? I know no doctor is going to prescribe female hormone pills to a man. (Or will they?) I desperately need your advice.

—D. B.
Kittanning, Pennsylvania

I'm assuming that you want these hormones to transform your gender. Keep in mind that they can do much more than remove facial hair and aid in the development of breasts. When going through a gender change, you need at least two years of psychiatric counseling before a doctor will perform the final operation. Even while taking female hormones, you have to stay in touch with a counselor to be sure that you really want to go through with the procedure. The hormones can affect your emotional balance as well. I highly recommend going to your local transsexual hangout to speak with people who are on hormones already. Getting involved in an Internet chat room discussion about this topic is another idea. Good luck.

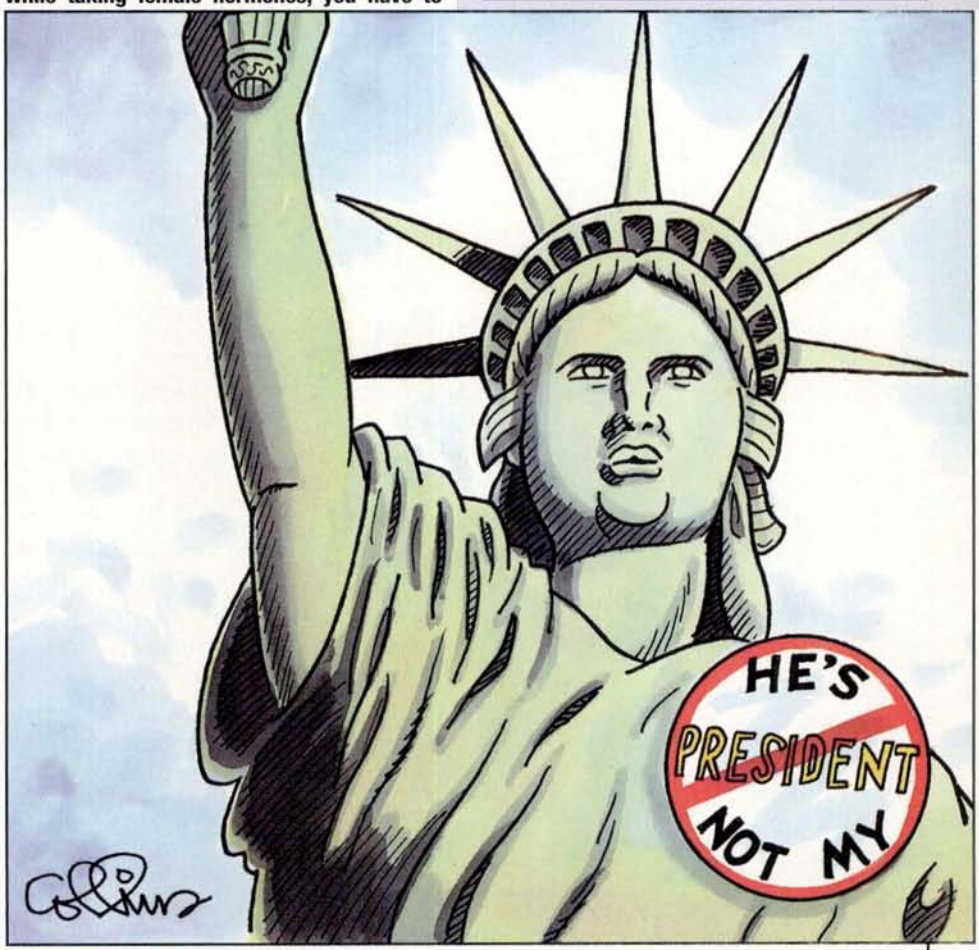
Ball Wonders

My wife and I were wondering about Ben-wa balls. We were hoping you could tell us how to use them. We have seen different varieties and aren't sure which ones to purchase.

—T. K.
Detroit, Michigan

It is said that, when Ben-wa balls are inserted into the vagina, they create a vibrating sensation, though I haven't had much success with them. I would suggest getting the battery-operated, vibrating variety to increase your odds of them working for you.

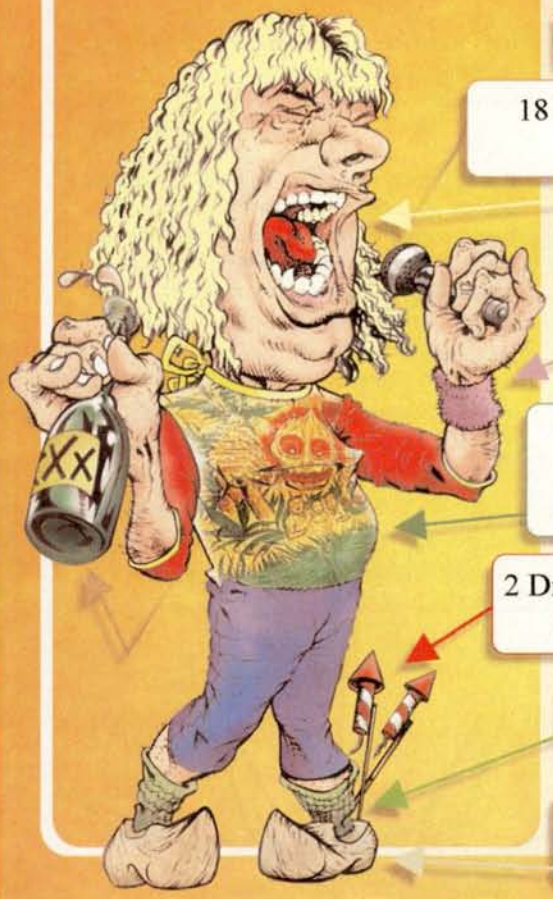
Jeanna Fine responds to readers seeking erotic enlightenment. She invites you to drop her a line and join her on the fearless quest for the fucking truth. Write to *Dear Slut*, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail at slut@lfp.com.



CENTER STAGE with GREAT WHITE

The band that defines the phrase "THE ROOF. THE ROOF. THE ROOF IS ON FIRE!"

WHAT NOT TO WEAR TO A CONCERT



18 Fluid Ounces of Whiskey: Flammable instantly

20 Ounces of Hairspray: Flammable in 0.5 seconds

Cotton Wristband: Flammable in 2 minutes

1975 Plastic Halloween Costume, Size M: Flammable instantly

2 Dragon Tongue Bottle Rockets: Flammable in 30 seconds

100% Cotton Sweat Socks: Flammable in 30 seconds

Wooden Shoes: Flammable in 8 minutes

To guarantee a really hot show at your next concert, fire up some of the apparel modeled by lead singer Jack Russell.

In this outfit, Jack shows us he's ready for both a night on the town or a night on fire in this kicky concert combo sure to heat things up wherever he goes.

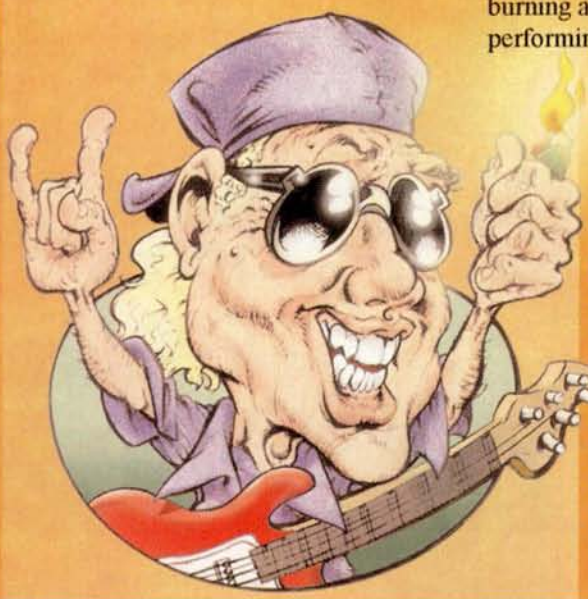
The vinyl-stitched top says, *I'm young at heart*, while the back-seam tag says, "Highly Flammable," promising to melt hearts on contact.

Here, Jack utilizes all 20 ounces of provided hairspray for a look even the Human Torch would describe as "flame on."

Completing this outfit with wooden shoes, Jack tells all: Here's one hot guy from head to toe who's sure to light your rock 'n' roll fire!

GREAT FIRE SAFETY TIPS FROM GREAT WHITE

As one of rock's hottest tickets, the guys from Great White know how to keep a career still burning after years in the music biz. They also know how important safety is when it comes to performing. Here's a few tips guitarist Mark Kendall offers other bands who are just starting out.



Keep Plenty of Water Nearby

You've probably noticed most of us seasoned musicians have plenty of bottled water right there onstage during performances. That's a smart move. Here's why: When the unapproved pyrotechnics explode, catching obviously low ceiling tiles on fire, your throat will be dry from all the smoke. Drinking that water will feel refreshing and leave you in great shape for the next show.

Stay Low

There's a reason fire inspectors have "codes," but if you set your fireworks off anyway, guess what? That's right, they'll say it's your fault. So afterward, lay low for a while. There's no way any money you have left from your one hit song 20 years ago can buy new kids for all those moms and dads who lost theirs. My advice is just to lay low.

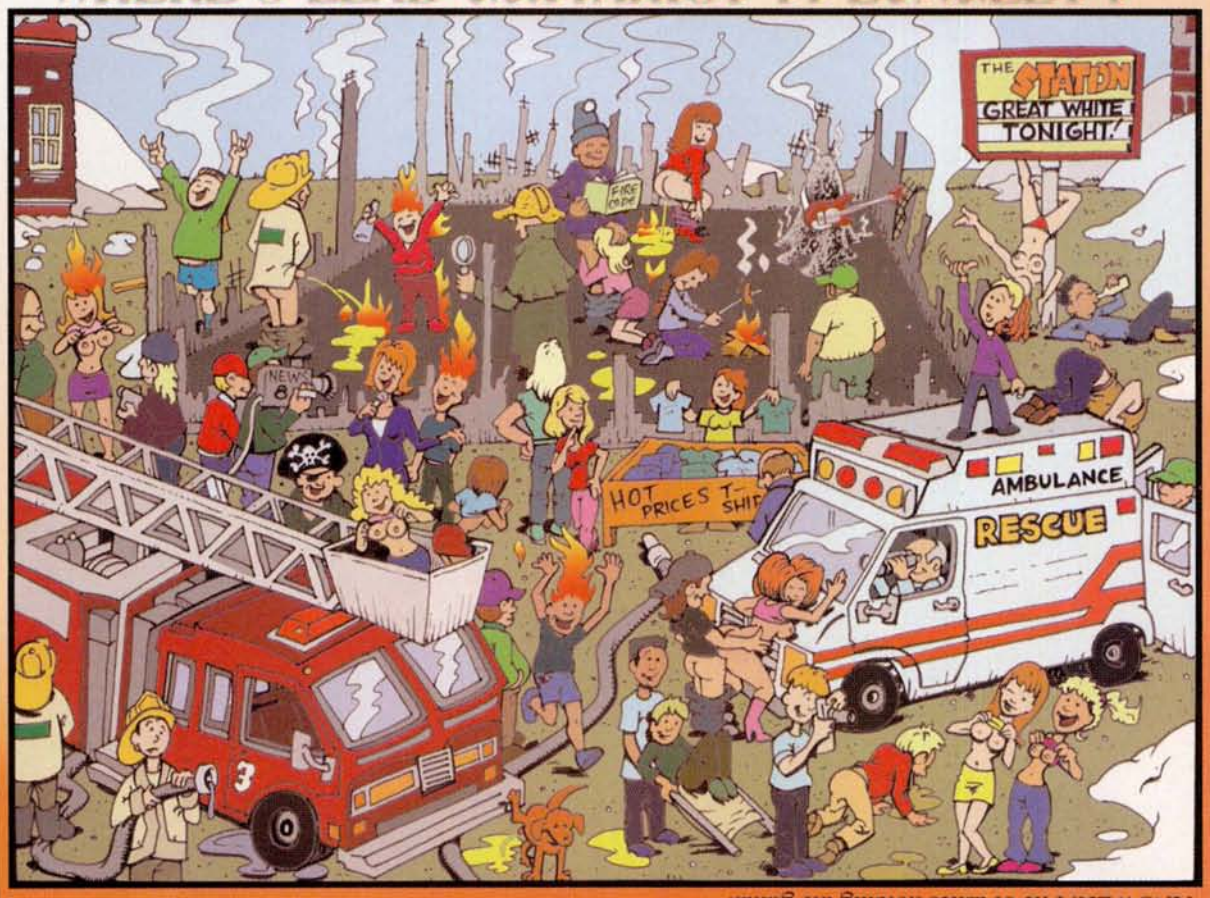
Stop, Drop and Roll

Probably the easiest thing to remember is this quick command to STOP playing, DROP your instrument, and run like hell so you can live to rock 'n' ROLL another day!

Peace out, brother, and remember these tips if you want to be like me.

If you're a fan of "Where's Waldo?" you'll enjoy this game of

WHERE'S LEAD GUITARIST TY LONGLEY?



ANSWER: Pile of ashes holding the guitar.

LET'S GET COOKING with Drummer ERIC POWERS

A favorite dish I enjoy while touring is my famous Baked Alaskan (or as they call it in the East, the Baked Rhode Islander).

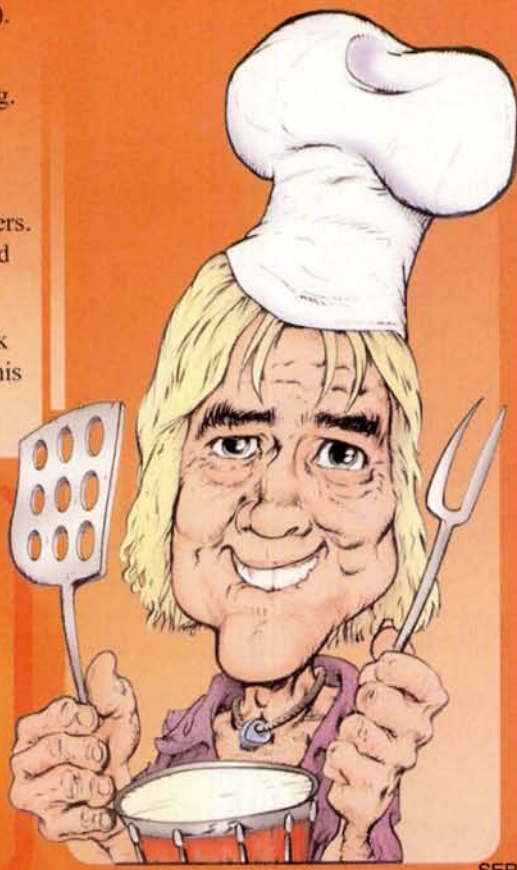
INGREDIENTS

- 2 quarts vanilla ice cream, softened
- 1 package white cake mix
- 2 cups disrespect of local fire ordinances
- 1 egg
- 4 teaspoons of explosive material
- 2 matches
- 2 cups ignorance of physics

DIRECTIONS

1. Prepare cake mix with egg. Pour into prepared pan.
2. Confirm presence of low ceiling, and preheat room with 300 audience members.
3. Ignite fuse, stand back and serve.

You won't believe the look on your guests' faces with this surprise. Once bitten, they won't be shy for seconds!



HEY KIDS!

Here's your chance to be an irresponsible rock band just like Great White! Introducing the Junior Rockers Fire Starters Kit!

KIT INCLUDES:

- Illegal pyrotechnics
- Cheap insulation
- A kickass bass line to get you started as the next red-hot rocker.

Order yours today! Free Blame Game included!

CONCERT REVIEW

by SETH BROWN

"Once Bitten Twice Fried" was the theme of Great White's latest tour date in Rhode Island, failing to live up to fan expectations and leaving many feeling burned by the experience.

Before the opening song had even finished, bursts of flames and sparking special effects marked the finale of possibly the shortest concert in history. Audience members numbering nearly 300 screamed at the group's decision to end the show before an encore of greatest-hits material was even performed.

Most known for their *Twice Shy* album, featuring the songs "Baby's on Fire" and "The Angel Song," Great White really got the crowd moving within just the first chords of their first, and simultaneously last, song of the night.

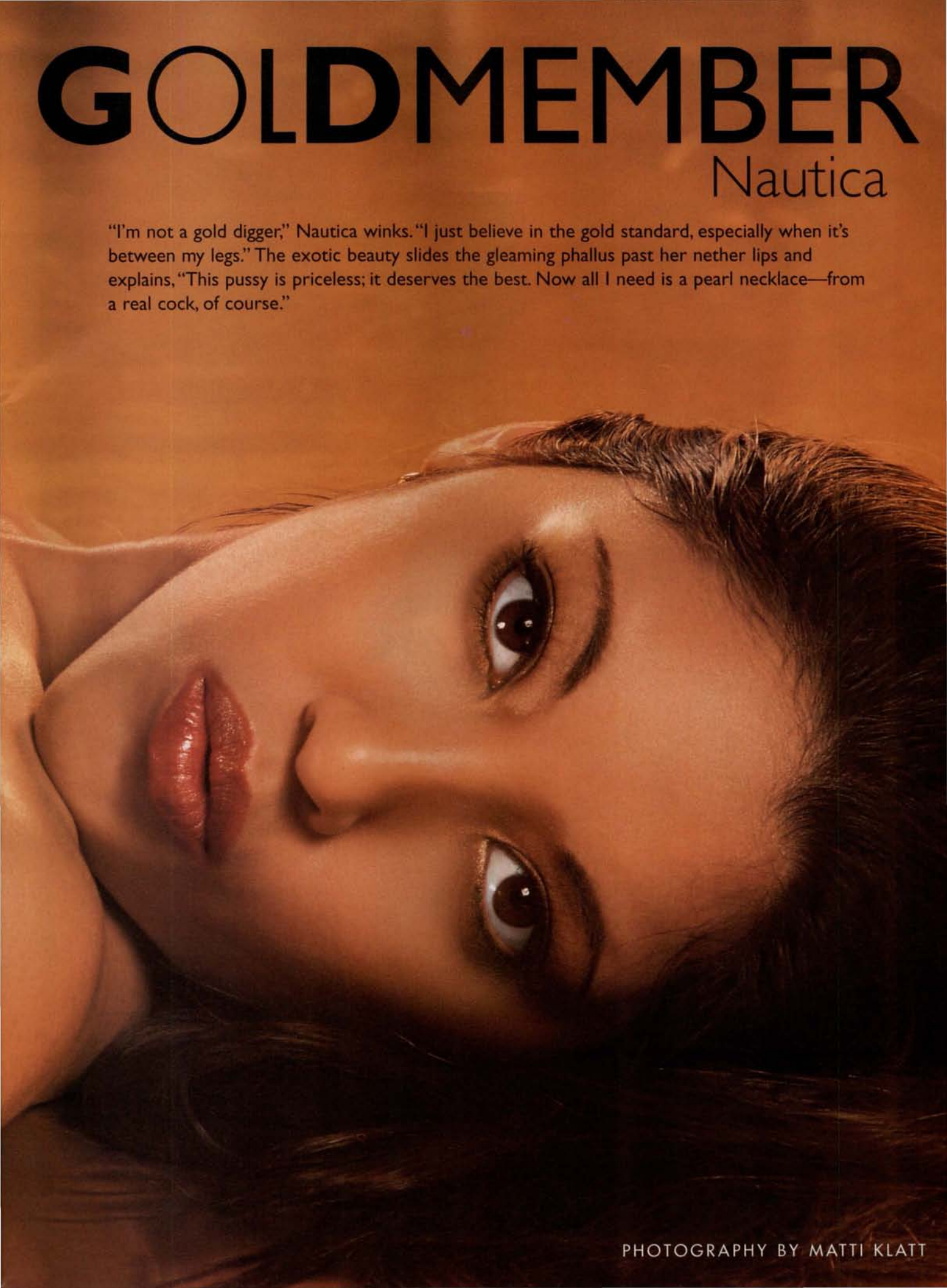
What really set the crowd on fire was a burst of overly flamboyant special effects, obviously too big for such a small venue.

A little much, eh, fellas? My, my, my, once bitten for sure. Twice shy, you bet.

GOLDMEMBER

Nautica

"I'm not a gold digger," Nautica winks. "I just believe in the gold standard, especially when it's between my legs." The exotic beauty slides the gleaming phallus past her nether lips and explains, "This pussy is priceless; it deserves the best. Now all I need is a pearl necklace—from a real cock, of course."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

>>>

Nautica spills more intimate secrets in CAMPUS CONFESSIONS #4 VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.shophustler.com to order.

Who Killed Lolo Ferrari?

The Mysterious Death of a European Tit Queen

Anatomy of a Possible Murder by **Dan Kapelovitz**

On March 5, 2000, French porn star Lolo Ferrari was found dead. Three years later, no one's quite sure if she committed suicide, accidentally overdosed or was a victim of homicide at the hands of her husband.

Lolo Ferrari with her husband/manager, Eric Vigne, in happier times.

Every year, French porn star Lolo Ferrari, who lived just a 20-minute drive from Cannes, descended on the famous film festival, causing hordes of paparazzi to swarm around her.

Photographers were naturally attracted to the over-the-top, bleach-blond bombshell, who possessed two of the largest breasts in the history of mankind; she had a reputed 71-inch bust. Lolo was simultaneously grotesque and beautiful. With her blunt-cut bangs, almond-shaped eyes and supersized lips, Lolo resembled a plastic-surgery-loving, smut version of Brigitte Bardot.

The voluptuous starlet would strut in skintight pants and adorned with pounds of gaudy jewelry, including at least one ring on each finger. Her nipples, which were the size of silver-dollar pancakes, would peek out of her low-cut, pink-spandex top to the delight of ogling spectators.

"To walk down the street with her—people would literally stop their cars, because she [had] such a shock value—this huge-boobed girl with a tiny waist, skinny legs, wearing all this gold and pink," recalls Mark Kismet, director of HUSTLER Video's BUSTY BEAUTIES series, who photographed the human oddity in France.

Then, on Sunday, March 5, 2000, the larger-than-life sexpot was dead. Eric Vigne, Lolo's husband/manager, said he discovered his wife's motionless body early that afternoon in the upstairs bedroom of their house. She was 37 years old.

Three years later, the exact cause of Ferrari's death remains unclear. The initial coroner's report concluded that Lolo died from either an accidental or intentional overdose of prescription medications. Now authorities are placing the blame on Vigne, who is currently awaiting trial for Lolo's murder.

Although she was never a household name in America, Lolo was well-known throughout Europe. Her fame grew as fast as her breasts, which, thanks to the large number of augmentations directed by Vigne, were gargantuan at the time of her death.

With the help of her Svengali-like husband, Lolo parlayed her freaky figure into a moderately successful career. Often billed as having the largest breasts in the world, Lolo starred in porn flicks, posed for numerous men's magazines, performed a nightclub act, dabbled in pop stardom with a couple of singles and even became a television personality.

Lolo (née Eve Vallois) was born into a wealthy French family and was raised in La Baule, a chic resort community. Her father was a senior official in France's nuclear-energy program.

Growing up, the young, green-eyed Eve was a bright student, whom everyone considered pretty. Even so, she was never satisfied with her appearance. "I've never felt comfortable with my body," admitted Lolo.

Lolo's self-image problems may have been rooted in her unhappy childhood, during which her mother made her feel insecure about her looks. "My mother told me I was ugly and stupid," Lolo once told a journalist. "She said I was only good for emptying chamber pots. Actually, I'm like my mother. She thinks she's ugly too. When I was born, it was herself that she saw, and she stuck all sorts of negative stuff on me."

Lolo was estranged from her family and had not talked to them in years. "Every time they saw me, my parents told me to get my breasts shrunk and take off my rings and cut my high heels down," recalled Lolo. "When someone tells me something like that, I just want to die."

"I was a dreadful mother," admitted Lolo's mom, Catherine Vallois, after her

daughter's death. "I hated my body, and I wanted my daughter to hate her body and hate herself as well."

Lolo's life forever changed in 1987, when she met Eric Vigne. The two married within the year. Eve changed her name to Lolo, derived from the French slang for tits, *les lolos*, and adopted the last name Ferrari. (Although Lolo took her new surname from her maternal grandfather, the Ferrari car company sued when she attempted to market a line of Lolo Ferrari underwear.)

From the moment Vigne met Lolo, he masterminded her career, which included the engineering of her physical transformation.

Lolo began her surgical sojourn in 1990. "For my mouth, we removed my cupid's bow, tucked the mucous membranes up to my nose, and filled my lips with collagen." In the ensuing years, Lolo would also submit herself to rhinoplasty, silicone injections and numerous other cosmetic procedures. However, the majority of the surgeries served to increase her bust as much as her skin could stretch without tearing.

Vigne was extremely proud of his *über*-breasted creation. "I calculated the volume, the diameter—I drew up the plans, and I took them to a guy I know who designs fuselage molds for the aeronautics industry," he once boasted. "The designer made the molds, and I gave them to a prosthetics maker who produced the empty silicone implants. It took a long, long time to find a surgeon willing to perform the operation. Each [implant] was filled with two liters of serum. A bit later we increased it to three."

An all-too-willing victim, Lolo enjoyed going under the knife. "I adore being operated on," gushed the star of *Double Airbags* and *Planet Boobs*. "I feel wonderful in clinics. I love the feeling of general anesthetic—falling into this black hole and knowing I'm being altered as I sleep."

Besides deriving pleasure from the procedures themselves, Lolo seemed relatively pleased with her surgical results. "Having a big bust comforts me," Lolo said. "It makes me more sure of myself. I'm like a transvestite. I've created a femininity that's completely artificial. But I'd like to have even bigger breasts. I can't, because there are medical problems; you can't stretch the skin any more."

"The bags were as hard as this table top," remembers photographer Mark Kismet, knocking on a wooden desk. "They were like rocks; there was no give." (In her sex films, Lolo and her costars didn't so much grab her breasts, but rather rubbed them as they would two huge crystal balls.)

Ferrari became something of a cult celebrity. Besides being featured in porn flicks and XXX magazines, Lolo had a nightclub act in which she performed her bouncy Euro-disco single, "Airbag Generation," and she was a regular on the BBC's late-night television show *Eurotrash*.

"She could have been huge in the U.S.," says Kismet. "She would have made a fortune, because you just don't see girls with that size boobs, and they don't make them that big in this country anymore. She could have been rich beyond rich, because she loved to perform; that was her thing. She really liked to be in front of the camera and be the best she could be—if it was singing, modeling [or acting in] videos."

Unfortunately, Ferrari never made the trip to America, as she was deathly afraid of flying. She feared that the cabin would depressurize, causing her breasts to explode. A prisoner of her own altered body, Lolo was also said to be constantly worried that a fan would jump up onstage and puncture her titanic tits.

All the fame and plastic surgery in the world never made Lolo truly happy. Ferrari was known to suffer from severe depression and anxiety—two conditions that often accompany Body Dysmorphic Disorder, a rare psychological condition characterized by an irrational conviction that one's body is never attractive enough, which some experts believe Lolo suffered from. She turned to alcohol, as well as antidepressants and other pills. Thus, to many observers, it seemed no surprise that Lolo had overdosed on prescription medications and finally become the lifeless blow-up doll she so desperately wanted to resemble. However, questions soon began to emerge as to whether or not the death was intentional.

"I love the feeling of general anesthetic—falling into this black hole and knowing I'm being altered as I sleep."

Photos by Mark Kismet

At first, Vigne told authorities that his wife would never have committed suicide, but he later changed his story. According to Vigne, Lolo had been planning her own funeral soon before her death, visiting a funeral director and picking out a white coffin in which she hoped to be buried with her favorite teddy bear.

"She wanted to be a star, but she couldn't bear living," says Vigne. "She often said she'd kill herself if I wasn't there, and a few times she tried."

Perhaps tellingly, Lolo recorded a song just before she died, a bluesy number entitled "Set Me Free."

Interviews with Lolo seem to support the suicide theory. "All this stuff," Lolo said, pointing to her massive mammaries, "has been because I can't stand life. But it hasn't changed anything. There are moments when I disconnect totally from reality. Then I can do anything, absolutely anything. I swallow pills, I throw myself out of windows. Dying seems very easy then."

Three months after Lolo's demise, Vigne was arrested for "non-assistance to a person in danger," the same charge that French authorities considered for the paparazzi who took photos of Princess Diana as she lay dying in her wrecked Mercedes-Benz.

After being questioned, Vigne was released. Then, two years later, a curious thing happened: A team of three police scientists reported that the medications in Lolo's body thought to have caused her death had not completely metabolized.

More significantly, the team concluded that Ferrari had died of suffocation. They detected cyanosis of the lips, nails and hands, a symptom of asphyxiation in which deoxygenated hemoglobin in the blood creates a blue tinge.

Some people speculated that the former Miss Tits Europe, who couldn't sleep on her back because the weight of her breasts interfered with her breathing, may have been strangled to death by her own mammaries.

French authorities, however, have a different theory. In late February 2002, almost two years to the day after Lolo's demise, Vigne was arrested on suspicion of homicide and spent more than a year in jail.

There were some discrepancies between Vigne's statements and those of his neighbors. Witnesses said that they saw Lolo come home at 9 a.m., but Vigne claimed that his wife had slept throughout the night. Vigne's story is further contradicted by evidence that Ferrari had eaten breakfast—an improbable occurrence if, as Vigne claimed, she had slept in.

Lolo's mother hired an attorney, Michel Cardix, to go after Vigne, whom she blames for her daughter's death. "The best revenge would be to pour acid on Eric's face," she once asserted. (Cardix refused numerous requests to comment on the case.)

"There isn't any material proof of suffocation or strangulation," insists Michel Pautot, Vigne's attorney. "That's why we say that Mr. Vigne is innocent."

But if Vigne did kill his bride, what would be his motivation? "Eric earned his income through his wife," says Pautot. "His wife was his breadwinner, and he was her agent; so he got commission off of her. He wouldn't have any interest in killing her."

Vigne himself called Lolo "the goose that laid my golden eggs."

Even after his wife's death, Vigne found a way to cash in on the big-busted beauty: He sold a picture of her lying in her coffin to a German television company.

The prosecutors believe that Lolo had plans to leave her husband, citing that he was already in the process of promoting a new act: a pair of implant-enhanced sisters, called the Silicone Girls, whose breast augmentations had been financed by Vigne. But Pautot maintains that the large-breasted siblings were always part of the act, being backup singers for Lolo's gigs.

Perhaps worse (in Vigne's mind) than her possible desertion, Lolo reportedly told friends that she was considering removing her breast implants.

There was some media speculation that jealousy was another possible motive, though this seems unlikely. It was well-known that Lolo was romantically involved with a police investigator from Monaco, an affair that Vigne was thought to have tolerated. (He did let her fuck guys onscreen, after all.) Kismet doesn't think Vigne was the jealous type. When Kismet photographed Lolo, the always-pleasant Vigne would just go to sleep during the photo-shoots, unlike most suitcase pimps, who hang over every shot.

"It seemed to me that he really didn't care [if she cheated] as long as she was famous," says Kismet. "It's odd that he should kill her; it doesn't make a lot of sense."

After spending a year in jail, Vigne was finally released in March 2003. Vigne (and the European tabloids) await France's trial of the century. Perhaps then we will finally learn who—or what—killed Lolo Ferrari.

"You'll like hunting more after you're married, son. Then you will understand the powerful urge to kill."

SPECIAL: ADULT ENTERTAINMENT IN-DEPTH

Vol. 3 • No. 2

BORED IN THE U.S.A.

By Sharon Bass

The candid revelations of three housewives and one guy seeking fun and excitement on live chat lines.

Calls to LIVE chat lines are at EXPLOSIVE LEVELS from HOUSEWIVES looking for fun, and wanting to talk to guys (married or not) about anything and everything. We found three women and one guy who frequent a very popular chat line called **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** and asked them why they are turning to a phone line for sex. Not surprisingly, the answer to our questions seemed to lead down one common path each time - Uninhibited, Instantaneous SEX, anytime, anywhere.

It's Friday night, "Susan's" husband is away on a business trip and her pussy is dripping wet with no one to satisfy her. Does she reach for the vibrator again? No, first, she picks up the phone and calls **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** looking for a man that will make her come over and over again.

"I get so lonely. and bored. Weekends and evenings are so hard on me, so I fix it fast, by finding a horny guy on the chat line who's...REALLY HARD and ready for me!" exclaims "Susan". She continues, "Calling the chat line for no-holes-barred sex talk is a necessity, it's become part of my evening routine."

I GET SO BORED AND LONELY

"Stephanie" will be the first to tell you she has an insatiable need for sex. "My husband is a great guy but he can't keep up with me." she says. "I call **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** about 4 times a week. It's free for me, and luckily, Daniel (husband) sort of looks the other way. It works for both of us, I get a different guy when I want and he gets to sleep through the night."

As "Stephanie" spins her wedding band around her finger she admits, "Just cuz I'm married doesn't mean I can't have sex chat with anonymous guys." she says. "It (being married) adds another level of excitement to calling the chat line."

"Stephanie", (married 5 yrs) in Florida admits, "The chat line feeds my continuous need for sex. My husband just can't keep up with me."

UNINHIBITED, INSTANTANEOUS SEX, ANYTIME ANYWHERE!

"I'm a realtor so I'm always working. Scheduling sex with my husband just doesn't work for me. I've been calling the live chat lines for eight months." claims "Kim".

Spontaneous live chat sessions are common in "Kim's" hectic life as a Realtor. "When I want it, I want it NOW! I'm always on the phone so I can get away with it very easily."

"I came five times on one call....while in my car!"

"I admit, when I first called I was nervous, but this guy had me rubbing my clit within minutes. Needless to say, it made me so hot, I've been calling ever since. I can't get enough of talking about sex, some might say I'm addicted to it."

"Kim" says she's made many new "friends" since calling **1-800-WIFE-CHAT**. "I actually met one guy for an innocent lunch which made our future calls with him even hotter. It seemed liked I was cheating....but I wasn't. Talk about having your cake and eating it too!

100% REAL HOUSEWIVES

"Yeah, I was skeptical about the girls on chat lines." Says "Will" computer programmer by day, chat line stud by night.

"Turns out, **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** is the REAL deal, they're 100% real married chicks, no actresses like other chat lines. I was surprised by how many wives liked to talk sex for hours." Will exclaims. "Some of these chicks can't get enough of me. It only cost's me $1.99 a minute and I get to fuck as many married women as I want!"

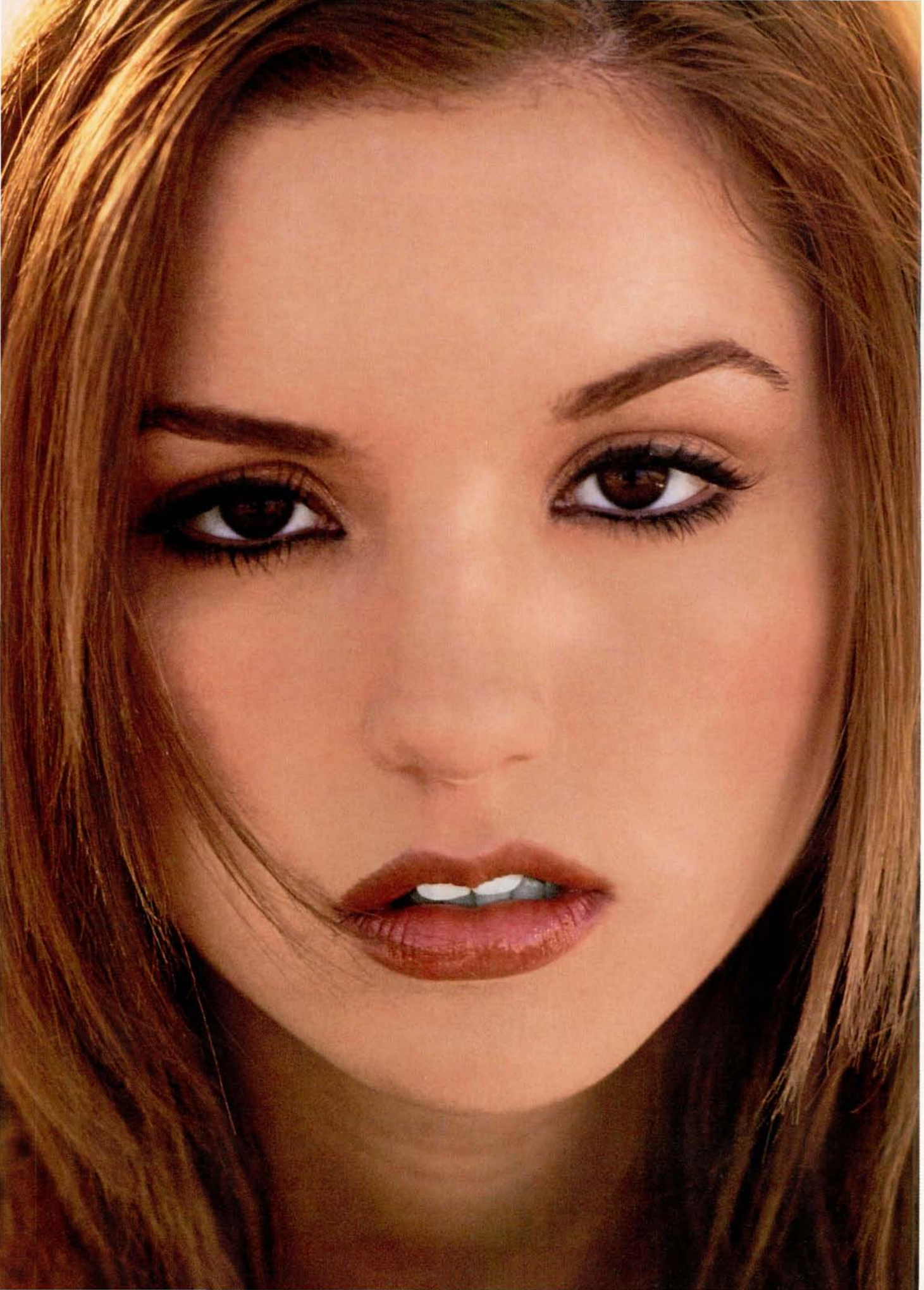
> "No actresses like other chat lines."

Warning - **1-800-WIFE-CHAT (1-800-943-3242)** is an adult community designed to connect Horny Men with Bored Housewives for explicit adult chat and is intended for people 18 or older only.

Paid Advertisement

BACK TO NATURE
ELITTA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

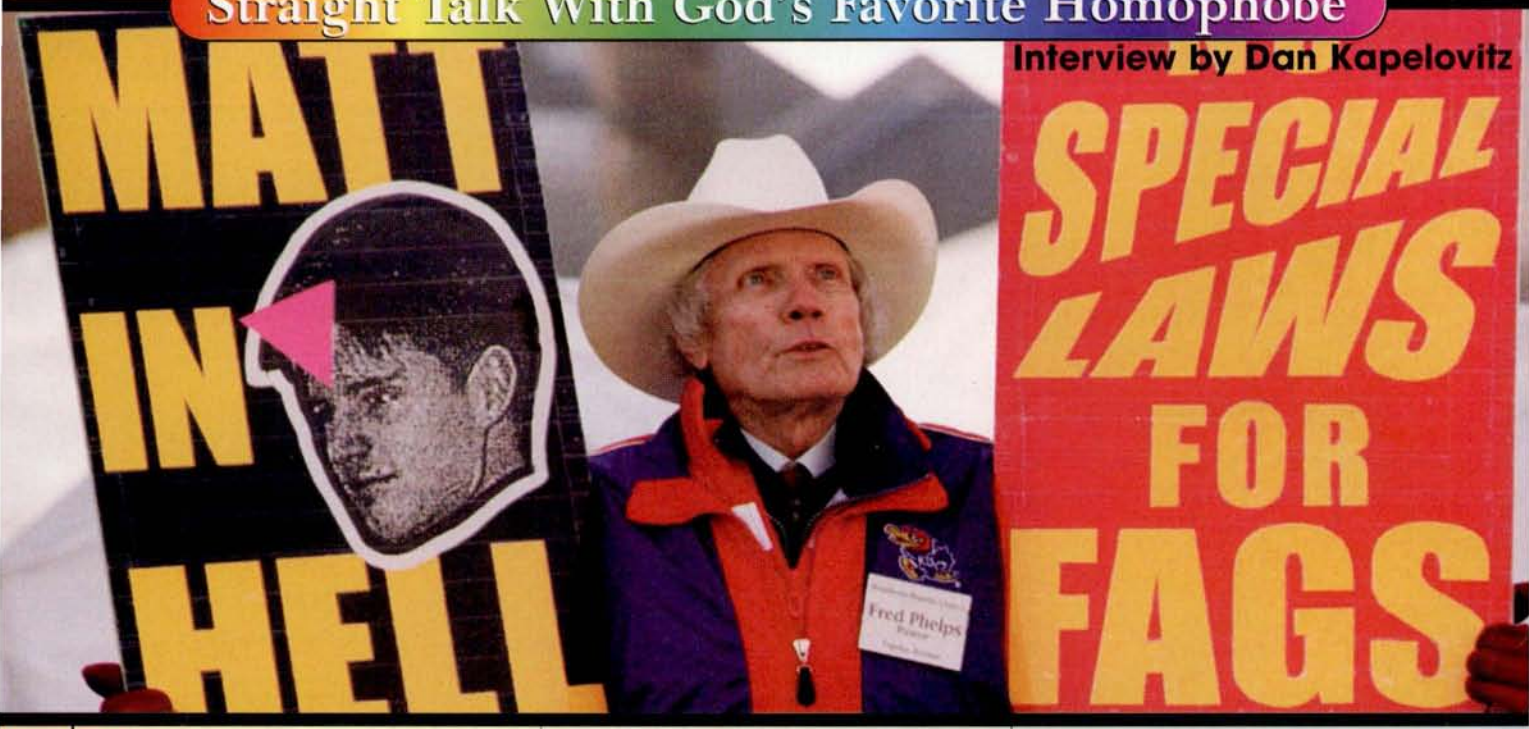


"There are times when I really have to get away from the city," Elitta explains. "I love becoming one with nature." Elitta slides her fingers into her aching pussy. Soon, the once-quiet air is filled with animalistic groans of female desire.

Fred Phelps Hates Fags

Straight Talk With God's Favorite Homophobe

Interview by Dan Kapelovitz



Pastor Fred Phelps of Topeka, Kansas, is one of the most controversial figures in America today. The 73-year-old founder of the "God Hates Fags" movement and his followers picket gay-pride marches and other queer-positive events, carrying bright, multi-colored signs with slogans such as THANK GOD FOR SEPT. 11 and AIDS CURES FAGS. The group's Web site features a "memorial" to Wyoming hate-crime victim Matthew Shepard, where visitors can click on a picture of the slain Shepard's face surrounded by dancing flames to make him scream, "For God's sake, listen to Phelps!" HUSTLER caught up with the gayer-hatin' crusader who is not at all effeminate, so stop saying that.

HUSTLER: When did you start your street ministry?

PHELPS: I started this particular mode of taking signs out and opposing this militant-fag domination of America in June 1991.

HUSTLER: What prompted you to start the "God Hates Fags" campaign?

PHELPS: In June of 1989, we wrote a letter to the [Topeka] city fathers about the fags taking over Gage Park just a few blocks from our church. A person couldn't go over there and have a picnic without being disrupted by fag lovemaking in the bushes. After two years, almost to the day, we decided to make some little dinky signs—nothing compared to what we do now—and we thought that if we went over after church on Sunday with those signs and had a 30-minute picnic, that would focus attention upon that filthy situation. Immediately, militant fags came out of the bushes ready to fight. They called the police, and the police came, and about half of them were fags, or at least they were siding with the fags: "The poor fags—you're out here insulting them with these signs." That was the mentality we faced. All the media turned on us like we were the Scrooge that stole Christmas for simply asking that they not copulate in our eyeballs when we're over there with our church picnic.

HUSTLER: Have there been any violent confrontations?

PHELPS: Lord, yes. Especially in those early days, before we'd been to court a hundred times. The militant-homosexual movement in this country has progressed to the point where you cannot, at any level of government, raise a voice to stop them from doing any filthy thing they want to do. [Just asking] "Are you sure it's okay to be gay?" is enough to bring the wrath of the fag machine down on you.

HUSTLER: You call President Bush a "fag enabler."

PHELPS: Of course he's an enabler. Two weeks before September 11—and that which triggered, in our theological opinion, September 11—[Bush] appointed Mike Guest, this out-of-the-closet fag, to be United States ambassador to Romania. One week after September 11th, he ordered Colin Powell, who's against fags but not strong enough to do anything about it, to personally swear him in in the auditorium of the State Department with his parents there and with his butt buddy

sitting there as his wife. And those two donkeys are sitting in the United States embassy in Bucharest today so that all of Europe looks upon this country as a fag country and Christianity as a fag religion. Bush did that. The only thing worse than a fag is a fag enabler, because they are not driven by that internal lust themselves, and therefore they are without excuse for promoting it.

HUSTLER: Do you actually believe the appointment of Mike Guest prompted the events of 9/11?

PHELPS: Of course it did. That and stuff like it. It was a direct act of the wrath and vengeance of God Almighty upon this evil nation. Everybody who knows any Bible knows it. Falwell let it slip, and then he got so scared for his hide and for his revenues that he semibacked down.

HUSTLER: Does that make Falwell a "fag pimp" for apologizing?

PHELPS: Of course he's a fag pimp. Look, we've picketed three times at his [Thomas Road Baptist] church in Lynchburg.

HUSTLER: Weren't there some innocent, Bible-believing, heterosexual Christians who died on 9/11?

PHELPS: I doubt it. I wonder if there is anyone in this whole country who believes the truth anymore.

HUSTLER: Does God hate gays more than he hates murderers?

PHELPS: Well, fags *are* murderers, and all that's indistinguishable and highly irrelevant. If you're going to hell, it's gonna be little comfort to you throughout the ages of eternity with God Almighty tormenting you with fire and brimstone, whether your dominant sin was anally copulating your brains out or killing people.

HUSTLER: Does God hate lesbians?

PHELPS: It's the same. He says that they which do such things are worthy of death.

HUSTLER: Is Satan gay?

PHELPS: I don't like the word *gay*; it bastardizes a good Anglo-Saxon word. These creatures aren't gay; it's not descriptive. The etymology of the word stinks. These people are fags, a contraction of *faggot*. "I overthrew some of you as God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah, and you were as a faggot, plucked from the burning." [Amos 4:11] It is an elegant Bible metaphor for these Sodomites who fueled the fire of God's wrath.

HUSTLER: Let me rephrase the question, using your terminology: Is Satan a "fag"?

PHELPS: There's some substantial authority in the book of Jude for the proposition that Satan and these fallen angels fell with him because they were not content with their makeup, with their nature. The lord Jesus Christ said, "In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God." Nevertheless, when they left their first estate, there was some kind of aberrant, degenerate, abominable sex involved with it. It's a satanic activity.

HUSTLER: Do you believe gays are born that way, or is it due to their environment?

PHELPS: It's a matter of supreme irrelevancy how they got that way to a Bible preacher. You got to stop it, and if you can't control yourself any other way, castrate yourself. You hear me talking? I'm talking out of Matthew 19:12, where the Lord Jesus Christ said, "If you can't behave, get a piece of rusty Kansas barbed wire and castrate yourself."

HUSTLER: I wasn't aware that Jesus made reference to Kansas barbed wire.

PHELPS: Not quite like that, but he said, "There are some that make themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake."

HUSTLER: Has a man ever come on to you?

PHELPS: They wouldn't dream of such a thing. What kind of question is that to ask a man like me?

HUSTLER: I mean when you were a kid; maybe that's the reason you focus your anger against homosexuals.

PHELPS: What turned me against them was that I had hands laid on my head, ordained to preach this gospel. Any preacher that's not teaching "God Hates Fags" is a false prophet and a heretic.

HUSTLER: Regardless, did you ever have any homosexual encounters when you were a kid?

PHELPS: The only thing that I ever had to do with such an experience as you're talking about was when I was hitchhiking from Bob Jones University to go preach all summer to the Ute Indians. Some guy picked me up and put his hand on my knee and said something like, "How about it, fellah?" I didn't know what in the world he was talking about, but I said, "Let me out now." Looking back, he probably was a fag. I didn't like his looks, his demeanor or any such thing. But fags do that—pick up on young guys they meet on the highway.

HUSTLER: Do you possess gaydar, the ability to determine if someone is gay just by looking at him?

PHELPS: It puts you in mind of Isaiah 3, on about verse 7 [*Actually, it's verse 9—Religion Editor*]: "The show of their countenance does testify against them. They declare their sin as Sodom, they hide it not." The trouble with fags is they can't repent. You can't repent of something you're proud of, and by definition, they're proud of their sin. They won't even admit it's a sin. Any preacher telling fags that God loves them and that Jesus died for them is a false prophet preacher. Barney Frank was out here, and we confronted him. He gets very mad. He was talking all in a rage about our signs, and security had to come. He's insisting that it's not a sin, and preachers who say it's a sin are engaging in hate speech and ought to be put in jail like [they do] in Canada. Every time we go to Canada, we're arrested because they have those hokey hate-speech laws. They think they apply to us, but they don't. But they are trying to enact another law in Canada proposed by Svend Robinson, who's been in the parliament up there for 19 years, and he's an out-of-the-closet fag. He calls it the Fred Phelps law. He says, "We need something to put Fred Phelps in jail when he comes up here," and it's going to pass.

HUSTLER: You're against special laws for gays, but what about giving gays the same rights as heterosexuals, making it illegal to discriminate against someone based on their sexual preference?

PHELPS: Look, the only laws that they need to be passing for gays is the laws that criminalize it and enact the death penalty. Any nation or state or government that doesn't have that law is an apostate, doomed state.

HUSTLER: How do you respond to people who say that you must be gay because you are so obsessed with homosexuality?

PHELPS: Hogwash. The first thing they do is attack on a personal level, talking about "you must be gay." What I'm obsessed with is the God Almighty.

HUSTLER: What would you do if Jesus came down from heaven and told you he was gay?

PHELPS: Okay, nice to talk to you. Have a nice day. [Hangs up the phone.]

"September 11 was a direct act of the wrath and vengeance of God Almighty upon this evil nation. Everybody who knows any Bible knows it."

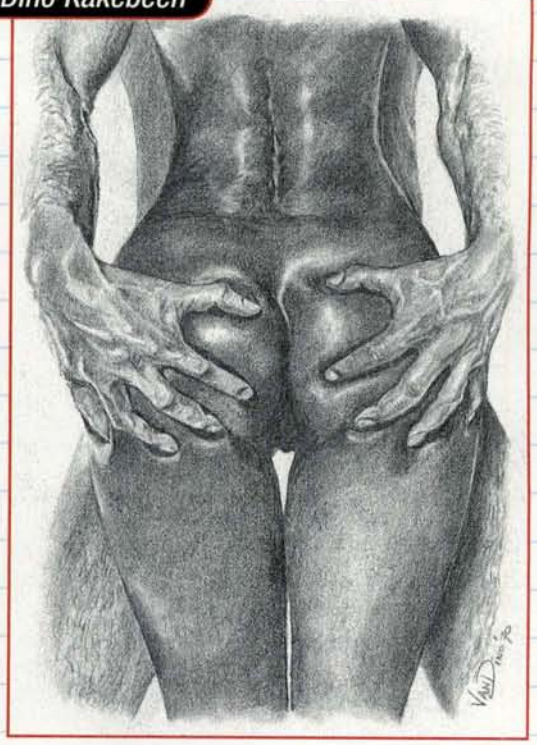
Drawn to the Dark Side

We received a massive response to our Second-Chance Art Contest. While a few of the submissions looked as if they were scribbled by brain-dead chimps on acid, most demonstrated that HUSTLER has many pervy Picassos among its readership. We were delightfully surprised by the wide variety of subject matter—everything from Frankenstein's monster fucking a chick up the ass to a portrait of Tiger Woods. The artwork was judged on originality, technique, composition and ability to disturb. Here are the winners:

Michael Dominguez

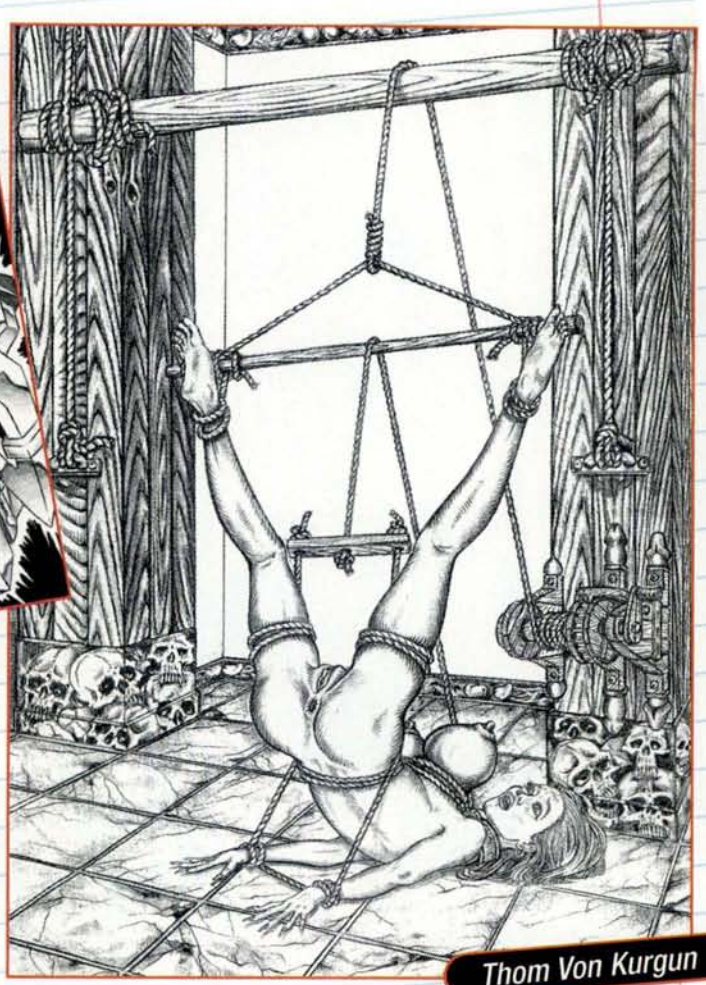
L. Rosenberry

Dino Kakebeen

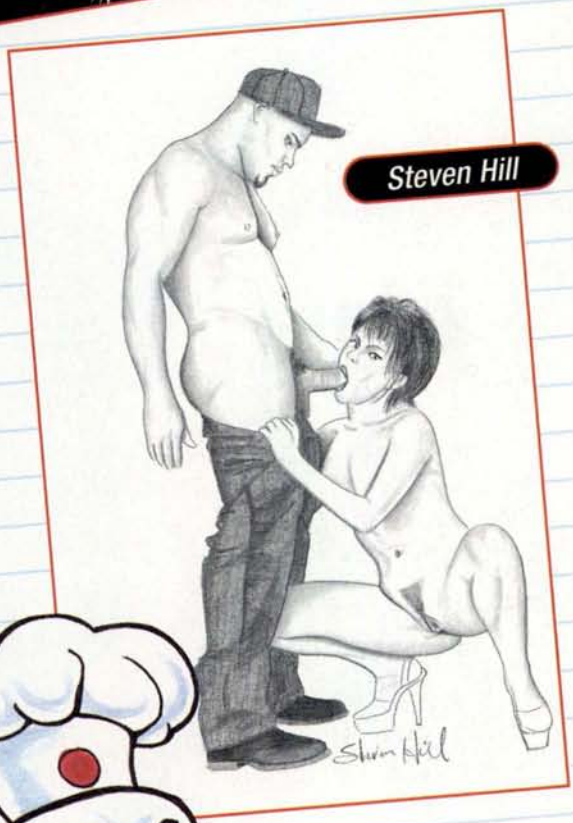


Kapreles

David Vieyra

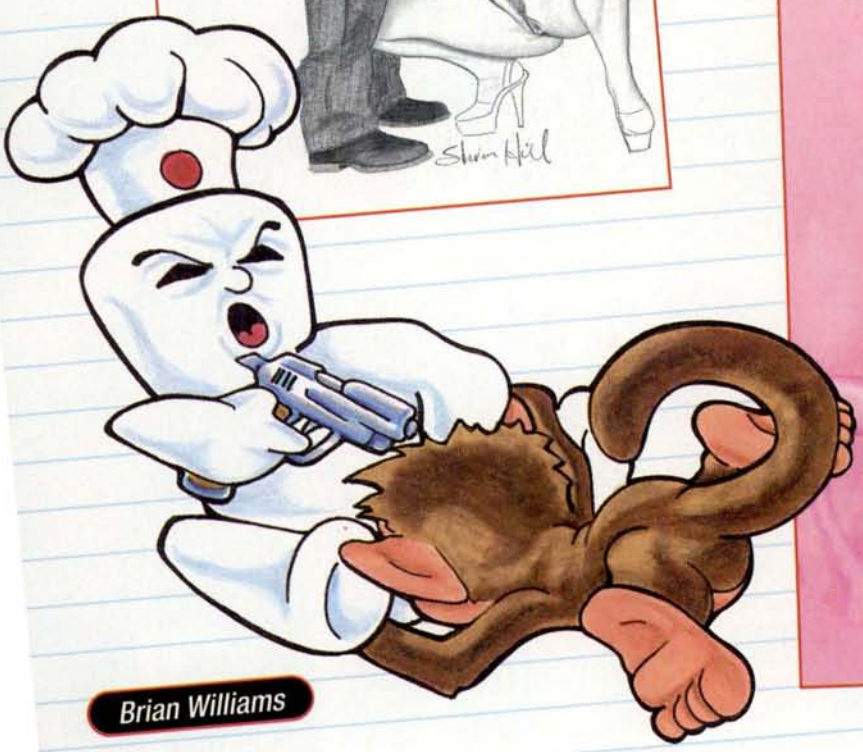


Thom Von Kurgun



Steven Hill

James B. Richards



Brian Williams

MELODY MAX, BUNNY LUV, BRONZE, BRITTANY SKYE, CINDY AND NACHO

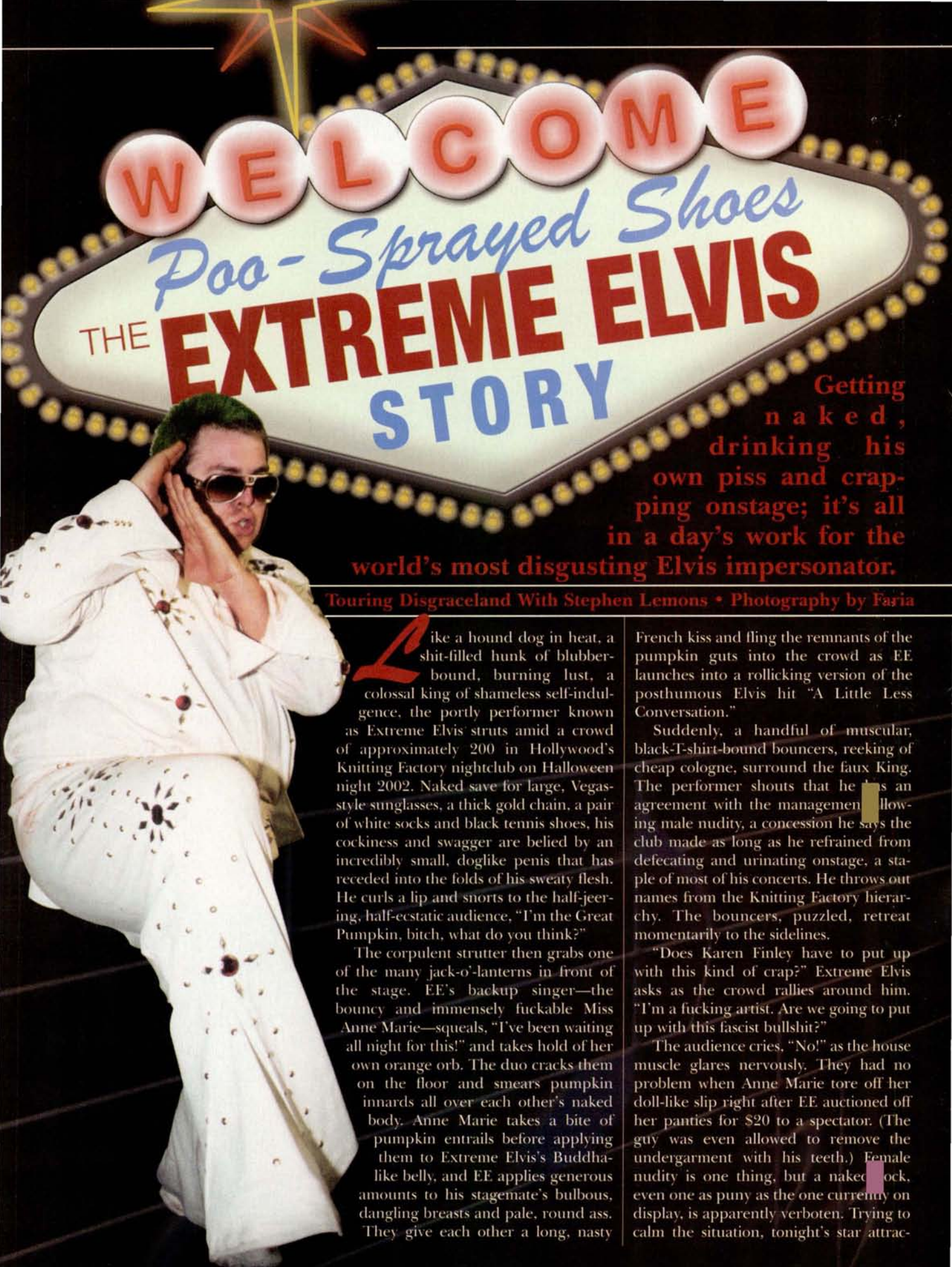
XXX-TREN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

IE SPORTS

What is this world coming to when the school jock can't walk into a women's locker room without being accosted by a mob of ravenous, cock-hungry girls? When star quarterback Nacho took a wrong turn after practice, he was sacked by five sex-crazed nymphos who showed him some formations and plays he had never seen before: widen the receiver, give me the tightest end and split her uprights.

Bunny Luv hops and humps in BARELY LEGAL #1, BARELY LEGAL #12, BARELY LEGAL ON VACATION, BARELY LEGAL IN THE CITY, YOUNG GIRLS' FANTASIES and BUSTY BEAUTIES #4 VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Bronze assumes the position in SNOOP DOGG'S DOGGYSTYLE VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Brittany gets it on in SNOOP DOGG'S HUSTLAZ: DIARY OF A PIMP, HOT SHOWERS #9 and BUSTY BEAUTIES #4 VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.shophustler.com to order.



Poo-Sprayed Shoes

THE EXTREME ELVIS STORY

Getting naked, drinking his own piss and crapping onstage; it's all in a day's work for the world's most disgusting Elvis impersonator.

Touring Disgraceland With Stephen Lemons • Photography by Faria

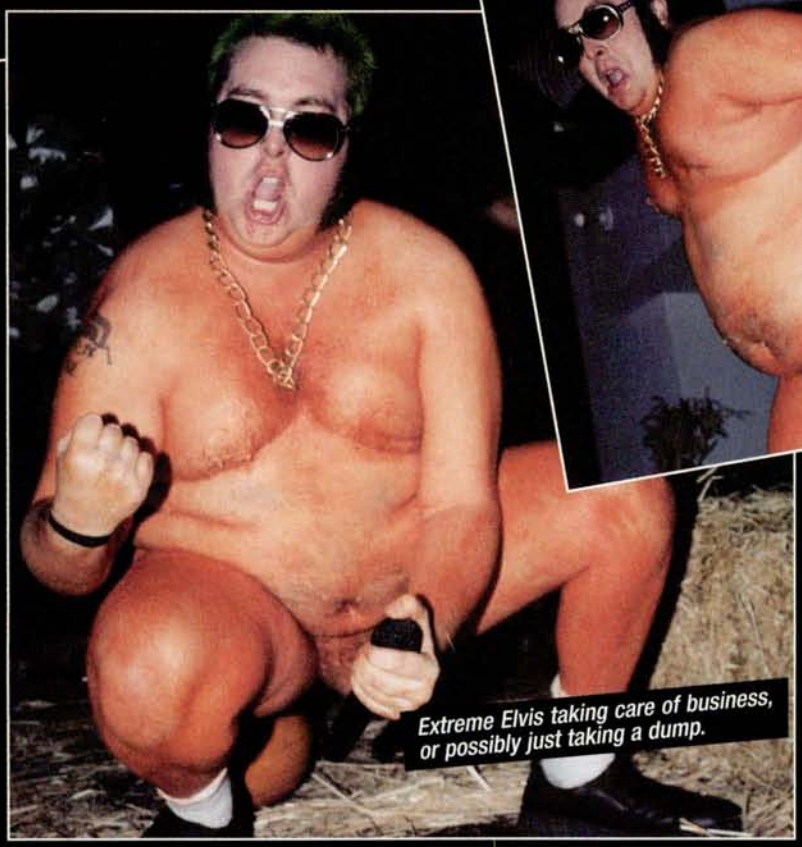
Like a hound dog in heat, a shit-filled hunk of blubber-bound, burning lust, a colossal king of shameless self-indulgence, the portly performer known as Extreme Elvis struts amid a crowd of approximately 200 in Hollywood's Knitting Factory nightclub on Halloween night 2002. Naked save for large, Vegas-style sunglasses, a thick gold chain, a pair of white socks and black tennis shoes, his cockiness and swagger are belied by an incredibly small, doglike penis that has receded into the folds of his sweaty flesh. He curls a lip and snorts to the half-jeering, half-ecstatic audience, "I'm the Great Pumpkin, bitch, what do you think?"

The corpulent strutter then grabs one of the many jack-o'-lanterns in front of the stage. EE's backup singer—the bouncy and immensely fuckable Miss Anne Marie—squeals, "I've been waiting all night for this!" and takes hold of her own orange orb. The duo cracks them on the floor and smears pumpkin innards all over each other's naked body. Anne Marie takes a bite of pumpkin entrails before applying them to Extreme Elvis's Buddha-like belly, and EE applies generous amounts to his stagemate's bulbous, dangling breasts and pale, round ass. They give each other a long, nasty French kiss and fling the remnants of the pumpkin guts into the crowd as EE launches into a rollicking version of the posthumous Elvis hit "A Little Less Conversation."

Suddenly, a handful of muscular, black-T-shirt-bound bouncers, reeking of cheap cologne, surround the faux King. The performer shouts that he has an agreement with the management allowing male nudity, a concession he says the club made as long as he refrained from defecating and urinating onstage, a staple of most of his concerts. He throws out names from the Knitting Factory hierarchy. The bouncers, puzzled, retreat momentarily to the sidelines.

"Does Karen Finley have to put up with this kind of crap?" Extreme Elvis asks as the crowd rallies around him. "I'm a fucking artist. Are we going to put up with this fascist bullshit?"

The audience cries, "No!" as the house muscle glares nervously. They had no problem when Anne Marie tore off her doll-like slip right after EE auctioned off her panties for $20 to a spectator. (The guy was even allowed to remove the undergarment with his teeth.) Female nudity is one thing, but a naked cock, even one as puny as the one currently on display, is apparently verboten. Trying to calm the situation, tonight's star attrac-



Extreme Elvis taking care of business, or possibly just taking a dump.

tion motions for everyone to sit down, campfire-style, and starts a sing-along of "Kumbaya."

But something's wrong. People begin to cough for no apparent reason. Someone—Knitting Factory security later denies responsibility for it—has squirted pepper spray into the audience. Folks begin to flee. Undeterred, EE leads the remnants of his followers out of the club, onto a plaza in front of the venue's entrance. An assistant hands him a pair of sheer briefs, which he squeezes into as a couple of angry fans smash their beer bottles against the concrete.

The half-naked singer gestures everyone over to one corner of the plaza where he sits, a band member next to him with an acoustic guitar. Punk rockers with spiked green hair, women in fishnets and push-up bras and one guy in a Klansman's outfit all plunk down before the King. Double E launches into the gentle, soothing melody of "Love Me Tender." People smile, hug each other, and a riot is avoided.

In the harsh sunlight of the next day, shirtless and lounging by the pool at a local Best Western like a Caucasian Notorious B.I.G., Extreme Elvis explains that he recognized the potential for ugliness, but that he's come to expect it from any gig he plays in La-La Land.

"The very first show we ever had in Los Angeles, this guy came right up to the stage, opened his mouth and let me piss in it," he laughs, his huge, hairy stomach still stained the color of pumpkin snot. "He filled up his cheeks like a bullfrog and sprayed it all over the band."

An Extreme Elvis show is equal parts Andy Kaufman, G.G. Allin and the cheesiest Vegas Elvis impersonator you've ever seen. Actually, the San Francisco-based Elvis imitator offers a fair to middling burlesque of the King's later years, one that's eerily reminiscent of that famous footage of a fat Elvis farting onstage. Taking up where Elvis left off—sweatily pinching turds, drug-addled and overweight—EE has incorporated coprophilia and public peeing into his act: throwing his feces at his audience, pissing on topless women, stripping down and, at least on one occasion, pouring birdseed all over his disrobed form and allowing a number of hungry chickens to peck at his orifices.

Even so, no event has inflamed the legend of the Extreme One quite like the infamous Viper Room incident on August 1, 2002, where he narrowly escaped both the wrath of club management and arrest by local gendarmes. The shit-hurling troubadour had scored a gig opening for the Butthole Surfers. VH-1 was to be there, and though the Viper Room told him they would not pay him, he was initially stoked to be playing the small Johnny Depp-co-owned club on the Sunset Strip, best known as the place where River Phoenix croaked.

"The club was real friendly at first," says EE. "Then they told us we'd be limited to 20 minutes. We heard there'd be limitations too. Usually what 'limitations' means is, don't piss all over the bar. I prefer not to have that request, but it's a reasonable one. The day before the show, they faxed me a list of things I was not allowed to do."

The bizarre crooner produces a contract seemingly prepared with him in mind. Signed by him under his real name, Matt Armstrong, as well as by a representative of the Viper Room, the document, dated July 31, 2002, enumerates "a list of things you cannot do," such as "no pooping onstage," "no peeing onstage or into audience," "no spitting into audience" and "no nudity male (but we have agreed to female nudity!)." Needless to say, the whole thing got EE's goat.

"I realized this is the way the fucking L.A. entertainment industry will pick and choose what they want to see. We knew what we had to do to expose the idiocy of this whole arrangement. We did a 20-minute set, and at the last song, we pulled out copies of the contract, circulated them around the room and asked people, 'Is this the show you people came to see?' They said, 'No.' And I said, 'Fuck Hollywood and their fucking contracts.' I got ready to piss on the contract, but they cut the sound and dropped the curtain. So I got down on the main floor and started pissing all over the contract. It was pandemonium. They shut the lights off so nobody could see what was happening, which

Anne Marie: The Priscilla Presley of the new millennium?

actually worked in my favor. Because later, when they rolled back the VH-1 tape for the cops, it was too dark for them to make it out. Then they threw me out. I got my clothes on, and one of the bouncers chased me up Sunset Boulevard. I ran in the HUSTLER store and said, 'I throw myself on the mercy of Larry Flynt!' Well, of course, he wasn't there."

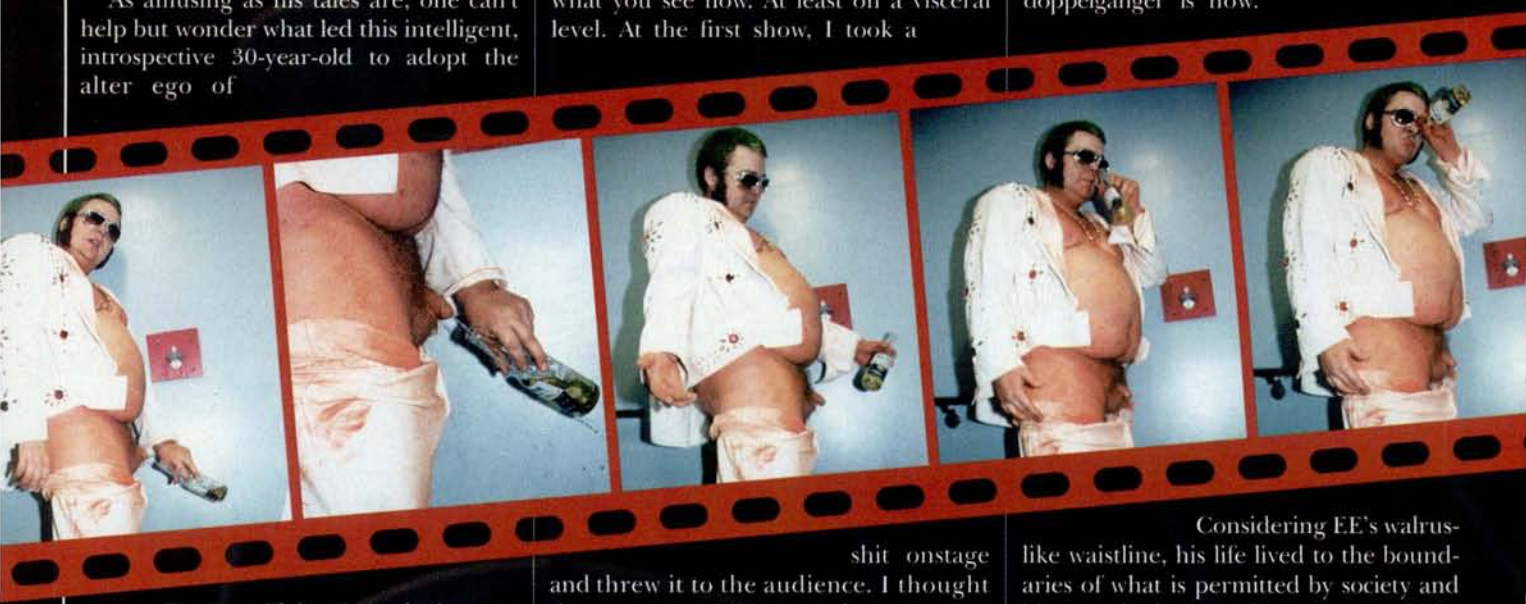
Instead, EE stuck his nose in a magazine and waited. Soon, the police arrived and hauled him back to the Viper Room, where they all watched the VH-1 tape.

"At first it looked like I was going to be arrested but, by the end of it, I was singing to the cops. They let me off with a promise from me never to return to the Viper Room, which is not any problem. I'll never play that shithole again," he sneers.

As amusing as his tales are, one can't help but wonder what led this intelligent, introspective 30-year-old to adopt the alter ego of Extreme Elvis. (Even during our interview, he maintained a curled lip and a pronounced Memphis drawl, despite having been raised in the Bay Area.) To hear EE tell it, it was his mama who first recognized the similarity between her son and Elvis the Pelvis, while Armstrong was in his teens. But it wasn't until a fateful trip two years ago into the deserts of Nevada during the orgiastic Burning Man Festival that Matt Armstrong was reborn as Extreme Elvis.

Wandering in the desert for a week wearing his full Elvis regalia, under the influence of powerful hallucinogens, with an international assortment of freaks around him, EE was blinded by a vision of himself as a psychedelic Elvis, picking up where the King left off in his Graceland bathroom on August 16, 1977. At first, it seemed comical, but the more he pondered it, the more he realized he had undergone a religious transformation. He returned to San Francisco with shitty drawers and a mission. A band was assembled, and a Web site constructed (www.ExtremeElvis.com). He began playing shows, performing late-night "guerrilla performances" in San Fran yuppie bars, taking over karaoke mics on Friday nights, even hijacking the occasional hooker to sing alongside him. His fame grew, first in the Bay Area, then throughout California and the nation. Though his cult is relatively small, it's expanding every day, not unlike the flabby spare tire wrapped around EE's midsection.

"When the idea came to me in the desert, it was like an awakening," he remarks. "No one's really done this before, Elvis without limits. Elvis embracing his id. So the first couple of shows were probably a lot more extreme than what you see now. At least on a visceral level. At the first show, I took a shit onstage and threw it to the audience. I thought that was very important, because Elvis Presley ended in shit; so I think any proper carrying on of the tradition has to begin in shit—work your way out of it, as it were."



Being Extreme Elvis is not without its problems. Lawyers representing Elvis Presley Enterprises Inc. (EPE) have sent EE a cease and desist letter, threatening legal action if he continues to sell Extreme Elvis T-shirts on his Web site. More directly, rabid Elvis fans have promised to hunt him down and kick his ass. Indeed, it was Elvis fanatics who informed EPE about the Extreme King, according to Todd Morgan, a spokesman for Graceland in Memphis, Tennessee.

"Several members of the Elvis fan base alerted us to his Web site and asked if we could do something about him," Morgan told me. "We had to explain that he or anyone else can do a horrendous parody of Elvis, and there is no legal recourse. There are things he or any impersonator or parody performer could do in the area of merchandising, advertising, etcetera, in his 'work' that could call our Elvis trademarks into play. But so far, while this guy has apparently crossed all lines of taste and respectability, there haven't been absolutely clear Elvis trademark violations that we're aware of."

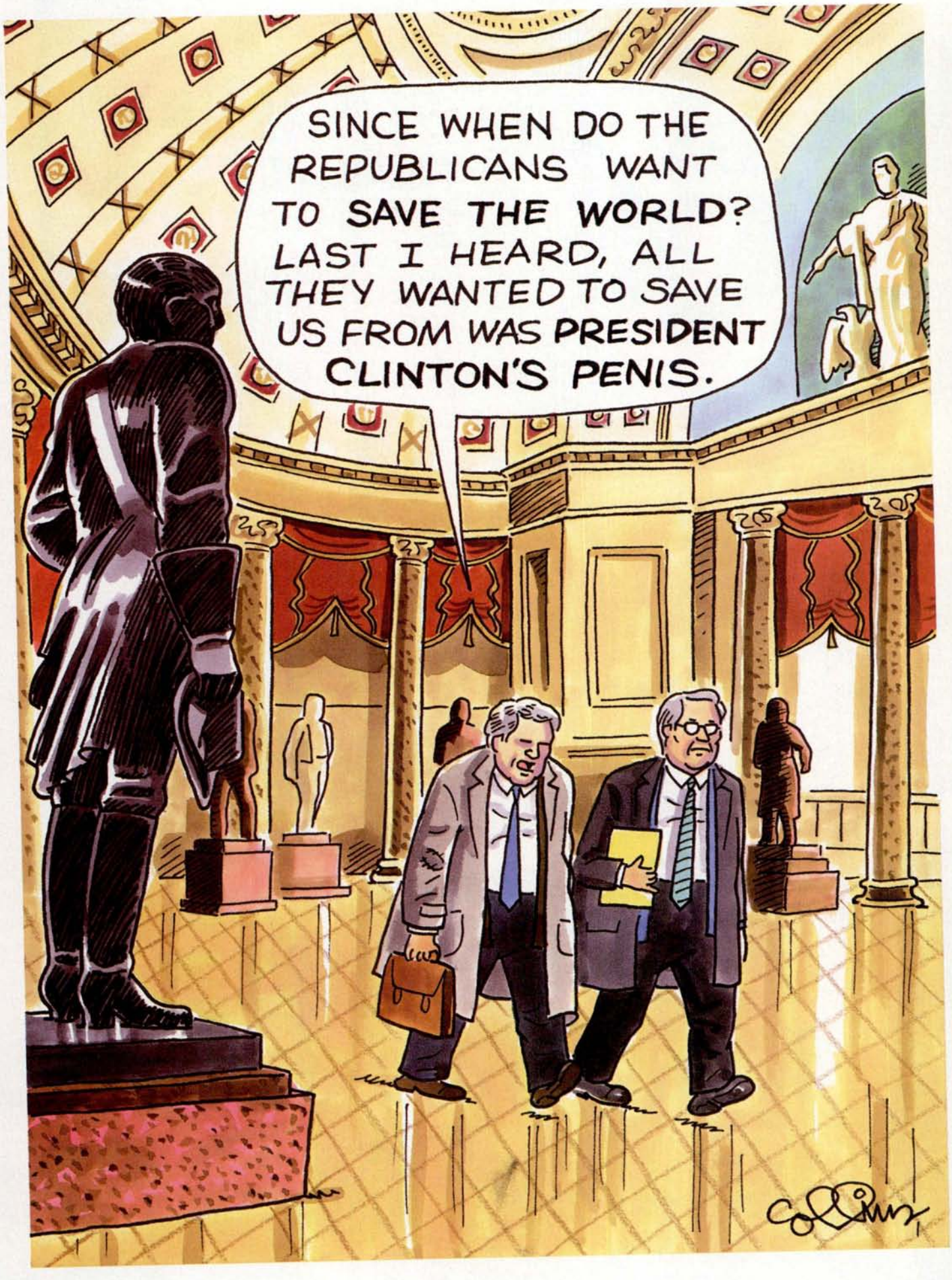
Then there's the task of drinking his own piss and eating his own turds, which EE seems to take in stride. Urine is the easiest, he says, because he consumes so much beer that "it tastes like Coors." The only problem with dookie is making sure it emerges on cue, which EE claims to achieve with the ingestion of large quantities of dairy products.

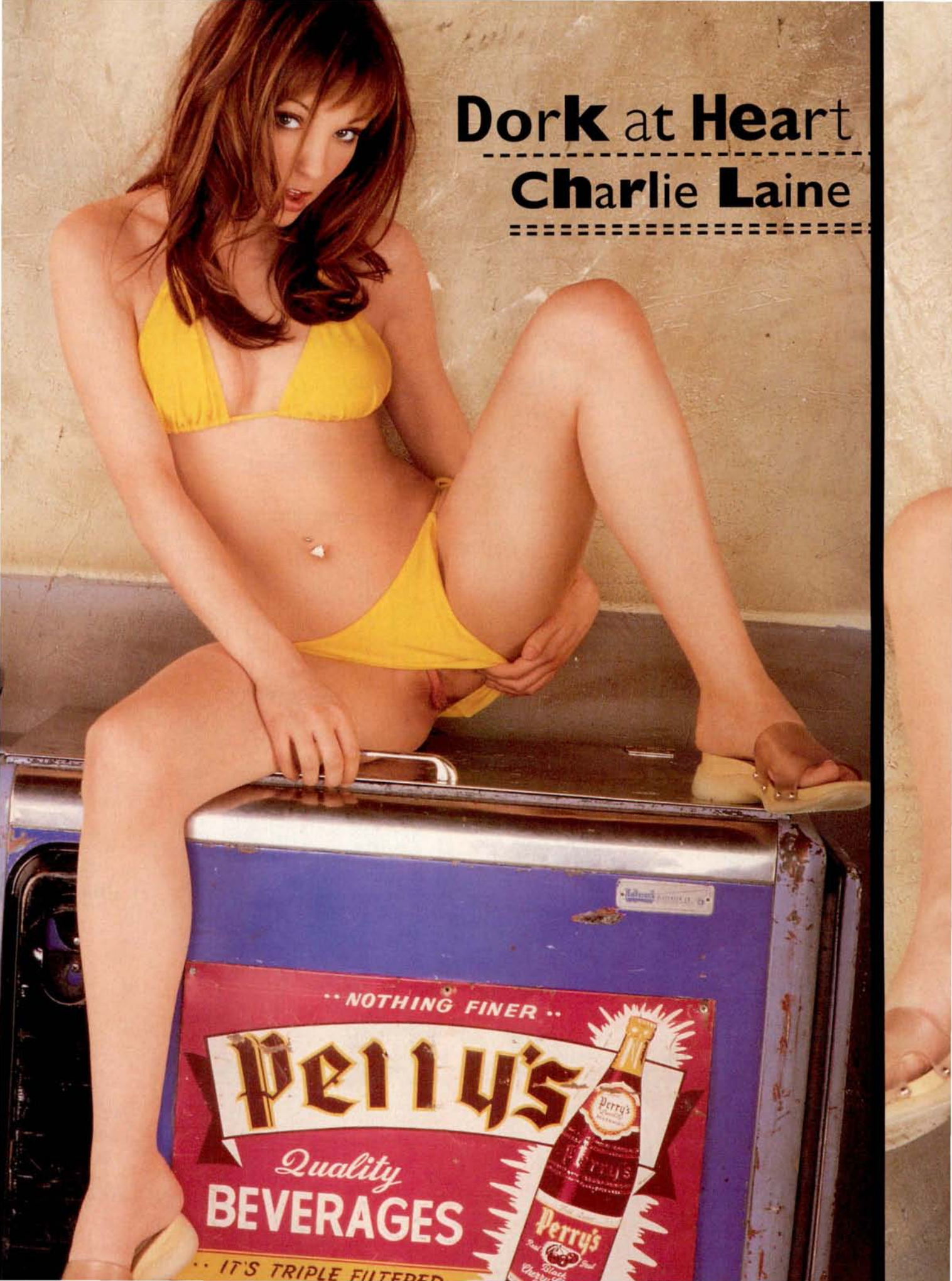
Elvis died when he was 42, just 12 years older than his Extreme doppelgänger is now. Considering EE's walrus-like waistline, his life lived to the boundaries of what is permitted by society and his own body, isn't there the possibility that he too will spiral into the cloacal abyss the King drowned in? After all, if you're celebrating a man's decline, how do you prevent yourself from ending on the same sad note?

"I've thought long and hard about that," says EE, growing quiet. "There's the potential for negativity in this situation. There are people who are attracted to what they see as the negative energy of our show. But most people who go to our show leave with a different impression of us, if we've done our job right. This show is not about making fun of a dead person, it's about celebrating life."

* * *

Stephen Lemons is an L.A.-based freelance writer whose work has appeared in Salon.com, *Los Angeles Times*, *LA Weekly*, *New Times L.A.*, GettingIt.com and *While You Were Sleeping* magazine.


SINCE WHEN DO THE REPUBLICANS WANT TO SAVE THE WORLD? LAST I HEARD, ALL THEY WANTED TO SAVE US FROM WAS PRESIDENT CLINTON'S PENIS.


Dork at Heart
Charlie Laine
NOTHING FINER
Perry's
Quality
BEVERAGES
IT'S TRIPLE FILTERED
Perry's

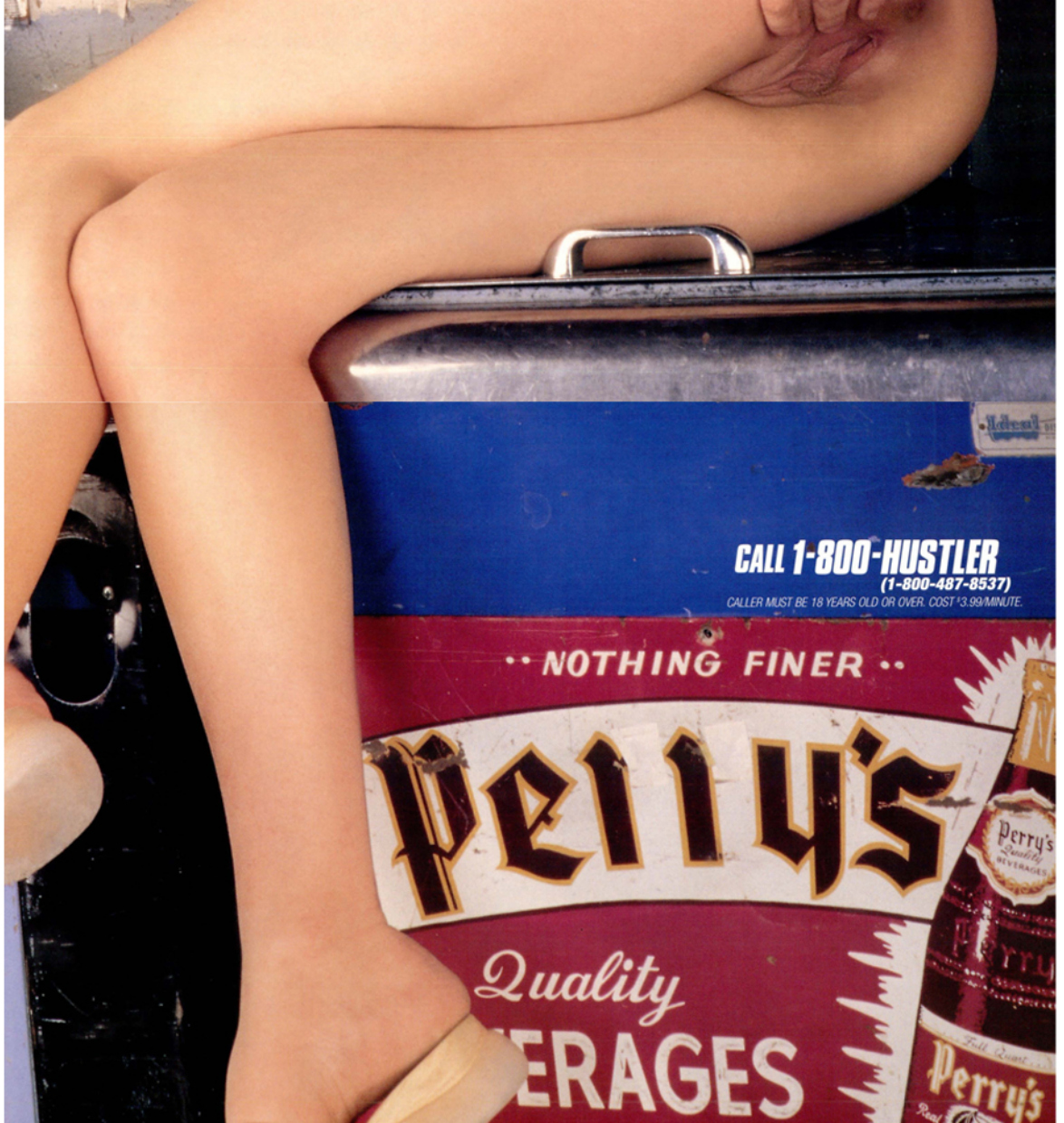
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BISCO

A 19-year-old native of Wisconsin, Charlie Laine started modeling when she was 13 for companies like Target and JC Penney. After years of catalog work, the superhot Aquarius shed her clothes and started posing for adult Web sites, which eventually led to HUSTLER.

Drinks

Charlie says, "My mom knows I'm modeling nude and is very supportive, but my dad doesn't know." He'll probably figure it out since Charlie's on the cover this month. "I honestly didn't expect to be on the cover. I was just hoping to get into the magazine." Even though she's on the cover of HUSTLER, Charlie says, "I'm really a dork at heart. I'm intimidated by hot guys. I like average, everyday guys." The ambitious vixen's future plans include working in the entertainment biz in front of and behind the camera. She's also versatile in other areas: "I'm very, very bisexual." That should double her chances for getting ahead in Hollywood.

HUSTLER
HONEY SEPTEMBER 2003
Give it to me deep!
xoxoxoxox,
Charlie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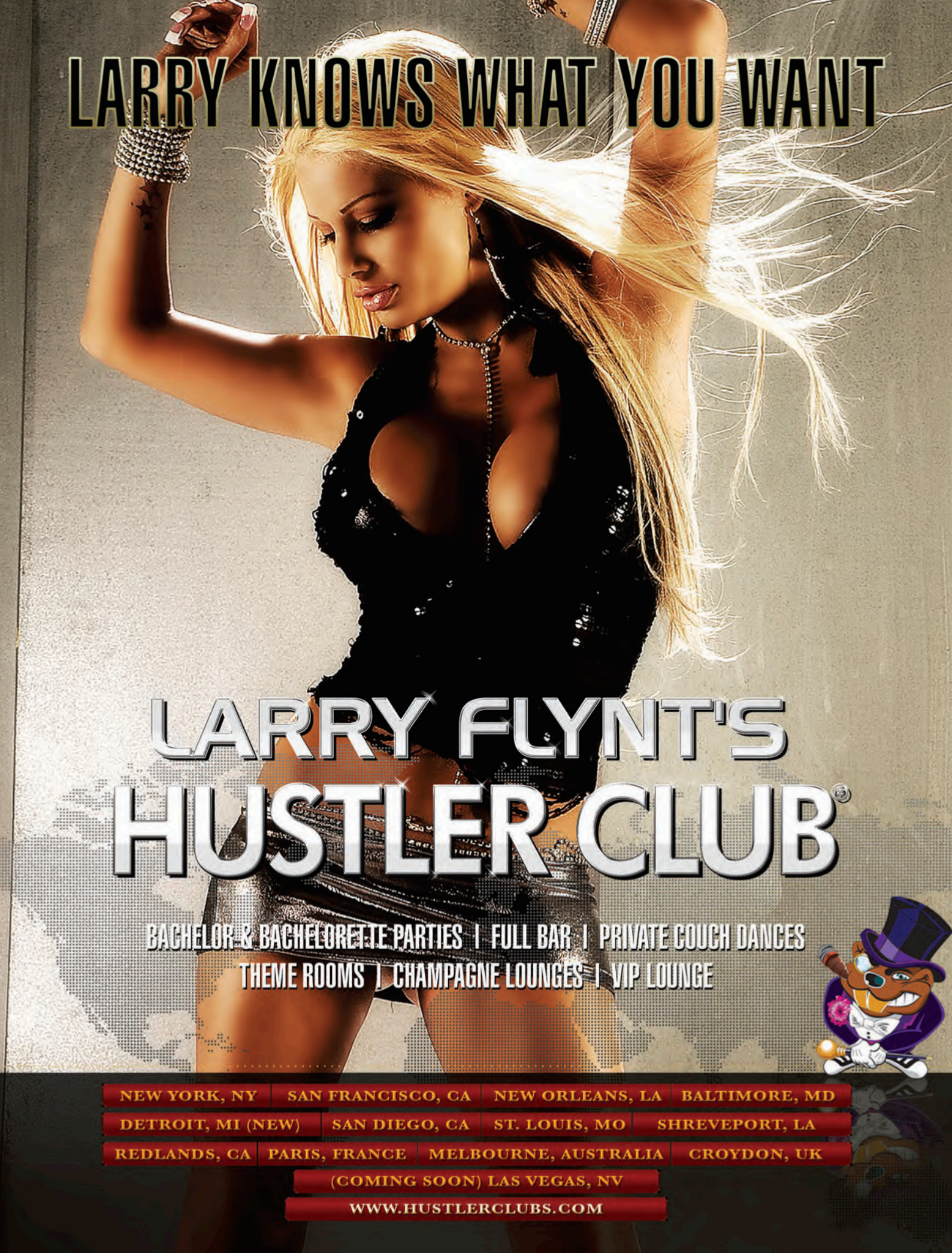
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Question: What happens when a lawyer takes Viagra?
Answer: He gets taller.

"Honey, I want breast implants," a woman implored to her husband.

"We can't afford it," the husband insisted. "Go grab a wad of toilet paper, and rub it up and down between your tits."

"Will that make them bigger?" she asked.

The husband muttered, "It sure worked on your ass."

Two drunk blondes were stranded in the middle of nowhere, trying to get home.

The first blonde needed to take a piss; so she wandered off into the bushes.

After almost ten minutes, the second blonde began to worry and headed into the field to look for her friend. She walked for almost a mile until she finally found the first blonde kneeling beneath a horse, sucking his cock.

"What in the world are you doing that for?" the second blonde asked.

The first blonde pulled her lips away from the huge cock and drooled, "Hold on, I think I may be able to get us a ride home."

Question: How does the U.S. know that Iraq has weapons of mass destruction?
Answer: We kept the receipts.

A woman stood at the gates of heaven and heard horrible screams of pain and torture coming from inside.

"What's going on?" she asked St. Peter.

"That's the sound of new angels getting big holes drilled into their backs for their wings, and small holes drilled into their heads for their halos," St. Peter replied.

"Heaven sounds terrible," the woman gasped. "I think maybe I'd rather go to hell."

"In hell, you'll be constantly raped and sodomized," St. Peter warned.

"That's okay," said the woman. "I already have holes for that."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *landed gentry* as: what the Chinese pilot did to earn his wings.

A group of women were gabbing away when the subject of conversation turned to sex and birth control.

The first woman said, "We're Catholic; so we can't use it."

The next woman said, "I am too, but we use the rhythm method."

The third woman said, "We use the bucket-and-saucer method."

"What the heck is the bucket-and-saucer method?" the others asked.

"Well, I'm 5-11, and my husband is 5-2," the third woman explained. "We make love standing up with him standing on a bucket, and when his eyes get as big as saucers, I kick the bucket out from under him."

A couple was watching a documentary about an African tribe whose men all had 24-inch cocks.

When a male reached a certain age, a string with a weight attached to the end was tied around his dick. After a while, the weight stretched the penis to its prodigious length.

Later that evening, as the husband was getting out of the shower, his wife looked down at him and said, "Whaddaya say we try that procedure we saw on TV?"

The husband agreed, and they tied a string and weight to his cock.

A few days later, the wife asked the husband, "How is our tribal experiment coming?"

"Well, it looks like we're halfway there," he replied.

"You've grown to 12 inches?" she asked.

"No," the man said, "it's turned black."

Jenny was walking down the street when she was stopped by a man conducting a poll.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he exclaimed, "we're doing a survey on people's attitudes toward sex."

"Really?" Jenny asked with a smile.

"Yes. Could you please tell me what you think of sex on the television?" the surveyor inquired.

"Well," she replied, "I think it's extremely uncomfortable, especially when you get the antenna stuck up your ass."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail jokes to hustler@lfp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for $50.
Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

AFTER IRAQ, CAN YOU DO KOREA?
USA
TROSLEY

Sinful Habits

THE HIDDEN HISTORY OF CHILD-MOLESTING NUNS

While the pedophile-priest scandal inundated the media, some women of the cloth have been busy raping, molesting and pimping out the kids in their flock.

Exposé by Jim Goad **Illustration by Andy B. Clarkson**

On December 2002, Cardinal Bernard Law resigned amid allegations that he covered up sexual abuse committed by priests in his flock against the Boston diocese's children. The cardinal's sagging, pale, piggish visage was splayed all over the media as an emblem of the exploding pedophile-priest scandal.

But less than a month before Cardinal Law became a national figurehead for clerical pederasty, Sister Ann Daylor, a Dominican nun and director of religious education at St. Mary's Church in suburban Boston, was quietly placed on leave. She had been accused of sexually abusing a fifth-grade girl almost 40 years ago, a charge that she denies.

While an estimated 300 American priests were removed from duty during 2002 for similar reasons, Daylor is thought to be the only American nun relieved from her post last year due to sex-abuse charges, which is a far cry from saying she is the only nun who's had such charges leveled against her.

Although one rarely hears about it, there are dozens of documented cases of nuns sexually abusing children, most of them girls. Some cases suggest a level of sadism far beyond anything that priests have been accused of doing.

In the past decade, more than a hundred nuns have been publicly accused of sexual misconduct with children in the United States alone. More than a dozen lawsuits have been filed in the U.S. alleging sexual abuse by nuns. Most have been settled out of court; this reporter could find no evidence that an American nun has ever been criminally prosecuted for sex crimes.

Most estimates peg society's quotient of female sex offenders at roughly 5% of the total; some experts claim that the number is as high as 25%. But even when women are accused of sex crimes, they are much less likely than males to be prosecuted, and they are almost never convicted. One study showed that six out of every seven victims of childhood sexual abuse by women are not believed when they first tell their stories.

Ashley Hill is the author of *Habits of Sin: An Exposé of Nuns Who Sexually Abuse Children and Each Other* (Xlibris Corporation, 1995), which might be the only book in world history devoted exclusively to sexual abuse by nuns. Hill claims a nun molested her when she was seven.

"I believe that among the nuns, the level of mental illness runs deeper than

with the priests," explains Hill via e-mail. "To me, it seems as though the abuse by priests is more along the lines of sexual gratification, whereas with the nuns, they often seem to have more of a Jekyll-and-Hyde personality: The abuse is presented as a loving gesture, then the moment it ends, they begin screaming at the child for being evil."

Such a pattern of "fondle, then punish" is echoed in a recent Australian case in which a woman claimed she endured daily sexual abuse at a Catholic girls' home 30 years ago. She said the nun would digitally penetrate her, beat her with a blackboard ruler, call her parents and tell them she'd been bad, then send her home, where she'd be punished all over again.

Hill speculates that people have a hard time believing that nuns can be sexual predators, "because women have not been regarded as sexual beings for so long, for much of history I guess. If you're not a sexual being, you cannot possibly be a sexual predator."

Tell that to Joey Barquin, who remembers being dragged into a closet at the wee age of three by a nun at St. Joseph's Orphanage in Burlington, Vermont. Barquin, now in his mid-50s, says the sister yanked his trousers down to his feet and began groping his penis. When he tried to pull away, he recalls, she forcefully grabbed his balls and ran an unidentified sharp item between his thighs.

"The next thing I know," he later told a reporter, "there was unimaginable pain, and there was just blood everywhere." He also alleges that one nun had a habit of arousing him to the point of erection, then burning his penis. Barquin claims that he still has anal scarring from repeated rapes at the orphanage and that the abuse only stopped when he was adopted as a five-year-old in 1953.

After Joey made his accusations public 40 years later, an estimated 100 other former residents of St. Joseph's came forward with tales of being abused by nuns there in the 1940s and '50s.

At four years old, with his mother dead and haunted by vague memories that his father had hung himself, Paddy Doyle was sentenced to 11 years at St. Michael's Child Care Centre, an Irish industrial school run by the Sisters of Mercy. His "crime," according to the state, was "being in possession of a guardian who did not exercise proper guardianship." In essence, he was declared a criminal for being an orphan.

In his book *The God Squad* (Raven Arts Press, 1988), Doyle recounts a creepy incident of a nun jacking him off at age six: "She held my limp penis in her hand and drew back the foreskin. It hurt slightly, but I was too scared to say anything. She moved the skin backwards and forwards until I had an erection. A sensation I had never experienced swept through my body, causing me to squirm and writhe involuntarily. When it had passed I sobbed uncontrollably, frightened at what had happened."

Doyle has a theory as to why nun-related sex abuse is so prevalent: "Wherever you have vulnerable people, you will have predators. Who or what can be more vulnerable than a child who is institutionalized and under terror of being punished by the 'predators'—in my case, the nuns, in whose care I had been placed?"

In an Irish TV documentary called *States of Fear*, another survivor of the Catholic industrial schools echoed Doyle's terror: "The one good thing about Christmas day was that there was no sexual abuse on Christmas day."

Perhaps the most sensational claims of sexual-predator nuns come from the Land Down Under. In the late 1990s, a wave of Australian adults surfaced with accounts of having suffered monstrous childhood abuses at Catholic orphanages.

At Nazareth House, near Brisbane, children were allegedly subjected to savage beatings for such infractions as being left-handed or opening their eyes while praying. A woman named Lizzie Walsh, who'd been a child resident of Nazareth House in the 1950s, recounted tales of being vaginally raped by a nun with a flagstick "to get the devil out of me." When another nun found her sitting in a pool of her own blood after the rape, she reportedly chided Walsh, ordering the child to clean up the mess and return to class.

Bobbie Ford, another alleged Nazareth House victim, corroborated tales of nuns raping girls with "broomsticks and flag sticks—to get the devil out of them." She also tells of nuns rubbing Vicks VapoRub onto girls' crotches in order "to get their puberty hair to grow." Ford claims she was once hung naked by her wrists for hours. She also recalled an incident where nuns shoved a guinea pig down a girl's pants and forced the girl to remain still while the creature nibbled on her crotch. Other alleged victims of Nazareth House told of being forced to kiss dead bodies procured from an old folks home that was attached to the orphanage. Some were reportedly warned that, if they told anyone of the abuses, the devil would turn into a dog and rip their throats out.

As farfetched as some of these claims sound, there appears to be solid supporting evidence. "The story of Lizzie Walsh at Nazareth House is beyond understanding," concedes Bruce Grundy, a journalism professor in Brisbane who has written extensively about abuses in Australian orphanages, "[but] I know the Lizzie Walsh matter was presented to the police. I saw her statement. With respect, we are not talking about hysterical people. I have surveyed scores of them, read their files and their psychologists' reports and cross-checked their claims with others. I have sat and listened while they have cried, hour after hour, grown men and women. Dozens and dozens of them."

Grundy says that his reports have outraged church officials, but "no one sued." Grundy also wrote a detailed report regarding lurid allegations against Sisters of Mercy at a children's home in Neerkol, northern Queensland.

He recounts one allegation of a nun sexually abusing a boy at Neerkol. "A nun came and took him to her room, took him to bed and had sex with him. It was a bit of a shock for the boy, since sex was something he had not encountered before. There were no witnesses; so there is no corroboration."

Contrasted with the blunt concentration-camp brutality of the orphanages, there exists a pattern of nuns sexually abusing those placed under their care in pastoral or "teacher's pet"-style situations.

In 1989, a Minnesota woman filed a lawsuit claiming that Sister Georgene Stuppy "regularly and repeatedly engaged in nonpermitted, harmful and offensive sexual contact" with her over three years beginning in 1978, when she was 13 and Stuppy was in her 40s. Strangely, Sister Stuppy admitted to engaging in sexual contact with the girl but acted surprised that anyone deemed it sexual, claiming that she always considered it a "spiritual" thing. The case was settled out of court.

There's also a somewhat indirect strain of sexual abuse by nuns that might properly be called "nuns-as-pimps." Such cases involve nuns facilitating or overseeing rape and molestation committed by others. One allegation against a Sister Philomena at Australia's notorious Nazareth House orphanage says she handpicked child victims for a pedophile priest, knowing he'd rape them. At the Neerkol orphanage, nuns were said to have "loaned" children at Christmas to known pedophiles who'd made large cash donations to the home.

In 1999, Sister Dominic, an Irish nun whose real name is Nora Wall, was sentenced to life imprisonment. She'd been convicted of holding down a ten-year-old girl's ankles, allowing a homeless man to rape her. The act allegedly occurred on an unnamed date in 1987 or 1988 at St. Michael's Child Care Centre in Cappoquin—the same place where Paddy Doyle says a nun jerked him off in the early 1960s. Wall's victim, Regina Walsh, testified about the alleged rape in court. She claimed to have suffered repeated sexual abuse at Cappoquin from ages nine to 12. She called Sister Dominic "evil to the bone" and "ice-cold."

Sister Dominic's conviction—and it's the only criminal conviction on record of a nun for sex abuse this reporter was able to find after exhaustive research—was quickly overturned due to a minor point of prosecutorial misconduct, one that appeared to have little to do with the evidence against her.

It's hard to make a sex beef stick against a nun. In many cases, the alleged atrocities occurred decades ago; so evidence is hard to obtain. Memories are lost, blurred or worse, "recovered." And nuns exist in a cloistered world that thrives on secrecy even more than the Mafia. Nuns move around. Nuns change their nun names to other nun names, and sometimes it's impossible to determine their "real" names.

But, while there's an almost utter lack of criminal indictments against sexually abusive nuns, victims have made some headway with civil complaints. In Vermont, the Church made cash settlements in an estimated five dozen cases involving St. Joseph's orphanage, where Joey Barquin claims to have suffered a bloody scrotum at age three. At least a dozen of these settlements are thought to have involved sexual abuse.

Sister Stuppy admitted to engaging in sexual contact with the 13-year-old girl, claiming that she always considered it a 'spiritual' thing. The case was settled out of court.

In Australia, church officials doled out an estimated $1 million total in settlements to more than a dozen women who'd claimed physical and sexual abuse at Nazareth House. There were also settlements regarding abuse at the Neerkol orphanage, but secrecy clauses prohibit further disclosure. In America, the Catholic Church has reached settlements regarding claims of sexual abuse by nuns in New York, Georgia, Minnesota and Massachusetts. There are also pending lawsuits alleging sexual misconduct by nuns in Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Kentucky. Despite all the settlements, not once has the church admitted liability for sexual abuse by nuns, nor does the word "sorry" seem to surface in any of its official statements. Payments of hush money aren't legally an acknowledgment of guilt; so theoretically, it's possible no nuns ever molested anyone.

But not likely.

"I don't think we are close to having a handle on this problem," Ashley Hill says. "It is only beginning to unfold. This issue is about where the priest scandal was 25 years ago—just emerging."

* * *

Jim Goad is the author of *The Redneck Manifesto* (Simon and Schuster) and *Shit Magnet* (Feral House). He is also the former publisher of *ANSWER Me!* magazine.

BEaVeR Hunt

Rochester, Minnesota, native Jolene has a fondness for working out, snowboarding and rollerblading. This 29-year-old heavy-equipment operator creams over the idea of "being with a really hot chick while my boyfriend is taking pictures."
—Photo by Boyfriend

Detroit Lakes, Minnesota, is really heating up, thanks to Wendy, a 20-year-old nurse who isn't afraid of braving the cold for a sexy shot. This carpenter-in-training lists her hobbies as snowmobiling and having parties. A fan of water sports, Wendy is dying to "have sex in a thunderstorm." Our lightning rods are at the ready.
—Photo by Boyfriend

Jennifer is a 20-year-old homemaker from Detroit. When she's not "dancing around the house naked," the fun-loving exotic-dancer-in-training can be found hanging with her "special" girlfriend. Our Motor City mama's biggest carnal ambition is "to find a sexy chick who likes anal, for my boyfriend, while she licks my pussy nonstop."
—Photo by Friend

A 27-year-old student from Boulder, Colorado, Trinity is into climbing and hiking. This tabletop trollop gets all hot and bothered thinking about "walking into a CSU dorm and having an orgy with other students." After that appetizer, Trinity longs to "go dorm-to-dorm and have more sex."
—Photo by Boyfriend

Jenny, an account manager from Willow Springs, Illinois, digs reading, shopping and sex. This 30-year-old dreams of "having sex with my husband in the grocery store with strangers watching." We believe there might be a cleanup in aisle five.
—Photo by Husband

AMATEUR PHOTO/VIDEO CONTESTS

WIN $5,000 CASH!

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To enter HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt* or HUSTLER *Video Beaver Hunt*, you must be 18 years of age or older, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. One ID must include your date of birth, and one must include your signature. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win $250 if we publish your photo, or $500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth $5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

Please Print

Model's name

Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name

Name to be published

Date of birth **Phone** (include area code)

Model's Social Security number

Address

City **State** **Zip**

Personal e-mail address **Occupation**

Hobbies

Sexual fantasies (include separate sheet if necessary)

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model) **Date (month/date/year)**

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $250 for photographs or $500 for a video, I grant to L.F.P., Inc. all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to L.F.P., Inc., and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as L.F.P., Inc. may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs and/or video footage were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Lickable is a 24-year-old homemaker from Brooklyn, New York. A big fan of clubbing, watching porn and sucking cock, this dong-loving demon's sexual fantasies include "having threesomes, getting a dick up my ass by two guys and having my pussy sucked dry by two females." *Whew*, that's some serious choreography.

—Photo by Husband

Heather, a naughty nurse from Daytona, Florida, enjoys shopping, photography and sex with her husband. The 23-year-old, salaciously stunning shutterbug's number one wet dream is to "seduce another woman while my husband watches."

—Photo by Husband

Cheetah is a self-employed, 36-year-old vixen from Middleberry, Vermont. Her passions include fishing, flashing, fucking and strip Twister. Cheetah neglected to mention her sexual fantasies, but we can safely assume this wild woman is a real animal in the sack.

—Photo by Boyfriend

Fortune Nookie, a secretary from Beaumont, California, lists her hobbies as "sucking and riding cock. What else is there in life?" This 39-year-old bronzed babe often muses about "having a huge dildo fill my mouth and juicy, sweet snatch while a vibrator's humming on my clit and my hubby's huge cock is pumping my tight, little ass."

—Photo by Husband

Rapid City, South Dakota's own Ashley, 29, lists her hobbies as bird-watching, hiking, shopping and baking. This dental assistant and nature lover's sexual fantasy is to "make love to my boyfriend on the ocean sand while the waves crash against our bodies."

—Photo by Friend

Camping, four-wheeling, dancing and playing around on her computer are just a few of the activities Kristen from Peoria, Illinois, enjoys. The 39-year-old, fair-haired fuck machine is just dying to "have a cum-bath and be with another woman when her husband walks in."

—Photo by Husband

Deserter in C

Did Bush Abandon His Post During 'Nam?

George Bush Sr., then a U.S. congressman, pins bars on his son following Junior's entry as 2nd lieutenant into the Texas Air National Guard.

While George W. Bush has no problem sending U.S. soldiers to sacrifice their lives in the Middle East, evidence suggests that America's commander in chief was worse than a draft-dodging coward; in all likelihood he was a wartime deserter. Greg Palast uncovers new information on W.'s war-avoiding maneuvers and the subsequent coverup. Ed Rampell explores Bush's 18-month absence from duty.

George Wins the Lotteries

by Greg Palast

The Bush family daisy chain of favors, friendship and finance goes way back to Dubya's "War Years." Junior Bush was a fighter pilot during the war in Vietnam; not in the United States Air Force, where one could get seriously hurt, mind you, but in the Texas air force, known as the Texas Air National Guard. Texas's toy army, an artifact of Civil War days, is a favorite club for warmongers who are a bit squeamish about actual combat. Membership excused these weekend warriors from the military draft and the real shoot-'em-up in 'Nam.

During the war, Senator Prescott Bush and his son, Congressman George Bush Sr., were more than happy to send other men's sons and grandsons to Southeast Asia. However, there were not enough volunteers for this suspect enterprise; so Congress created a kind of death lottery: If your birth date was picked out of a hat, off to the army you went. But the Air Guard flyboys were exempted from this macabre draft lotto.

hief

When tested for the coveted Air Guard get-out, young George W. tested at 25 out of 100, one point above "too-dumb-to-fly" status, yet leaped ahead of hundreds of applicants to get the Guard slot.

Now, how could that happen? Only recently could I get a glimmer of the truth, a by-product of an *Observer* investigation of a New Jersey company called GTech. This firm holds the contract for a far less deadly and far more lucrative lottery operation than the one for the military draft: the Texas State Lottery.

Follow the money. It's 1997. Top-gun George Jr. is governor, and GTech is in deep doo-doo with Texas Lottery regulators. Texas is the nation's biggest, most lucrative lottery, and GTech was about to lose its contract worth hundreds of millions of dollars. The state's lottery director was sacked following revelations that GTech had put the director's boyfriend on the company payroll while he was under indictment for bribery. A new clean-hands director, Lawrence Littwin, ordered an audit, terminated GTech's contract and put it out for rebid. Littwin also launched an investigation into GTech's political donations.

Then a funny thing happened: The Texas Lottery Commission fired Littwin.

Almost immediately thereafter, the Bush-appointed commissioners canceled the bidding for a new operator, though the low bidder had already been announced to replace GTech. The commissioners also halted the financial audit, ended the political payola investigation and gave the contract back to GTech.

Why did the Texas government work so hard at saving GTech's license? A letter to the U.S. Justice Department—I have obtained a copy—provides some fascinating details. The writer points to one Ben Barnes, a lobbyist to whom GTech paid fees of $23 million. Way back in 1968, according to the whistle-blower, an aide to Barnes—then lieutenant governor of the Lone Star State—quietly suggested to Air Guard chief Brig. Gen. James Rose that he find a safe spot in the Guard for Congressman George Bush's son.

Whether the Bushes used their influence to get young George out of serving in Vietnam was a big issue during George Jr.'s neck-and-neck race for governor against Ann Richards in 1994. Bush's opponents, however, did not know of Barnes's office's contact with General Rose; so the story died.

The letter ties Barnes's knowledge of Governor Bush's draft-dodging to GTech's exclusive deal with the state: "Governor Bush...made a deal with Ben Barnes not to rebid [the GTech lottery contract] because Barnes could confirm that Bush had lied during the '94 campaign. During that campaign, Bush was asked if his father, then a member of Congress, had helped him get in the National Guard. Bush said 'no'...George Bush was placed ahead of thousands of young men, some of whom died in Vietnam...Barnes agreed never to confirm the story, and the governor talked to the chair of the lottery two days later, and she then agreed to support letting GTech keep the contract without a bid."

The whistle-blower remained anonymous, but offered to come forward later to authorities. Fingering Barnes, a Democrat, as the man who put in the fix for the Bushes with the Air Guard seemed wildly implausible. The letter remained sealed and buried. No investigation followed, and neither Barnes nor the letter writer were called by the Feds.

But then in 1998, Littwin—the discharged lottery director—filed a suit charging that the millions GTech paid for lobbyists bought them contract protection. He subpoenaed Barnes. In 1999, facing a grilling under oath, Barnes admitted in a sworn statement to the court that it was indeed him who got George W. into the Air Guard.

Amazingly though, he claimed to have done this nice thing for young George without any contact, direct or indirect, from the Bushes. How Barnes knew he should make the fix without a request from the powerful Bush family remains a mystery, one of those combinations of telepathy and coincidence common to Texas politics.

Littwin asserted that other witnesses can verify that the cash bought the governor's influence to save GTech's license. GTech responds irrefutably that it terminated its lobbying contract with Barnes before the 1997 dismissals of the lottery directors—but not before the blackmailing alleged in the anonymous letter. And although the company denies it maintained the financial connection to Barnes, GTech's chairman, Guy Snowden, was a partner in a big real estate venture with Barnes's wife. (In 1995, Snowden was forced to resign as chairman of GTech when a jury found he tried to bribe British billionaire Richard Branson.)

What did GTech get for their $23 million to Barnes, the man who saved Dubya from the war? Can't say. In November 1999, GTech paid a reported $300,000 to Littwin; in return, Littwin agreed to seal forever Barnes's five-hour deposition transcript about the Bush family influence on the lottery and the Air Guard.

I'm not complaining, mind you. After all, the Bush family has given us the best democracy money can buy.

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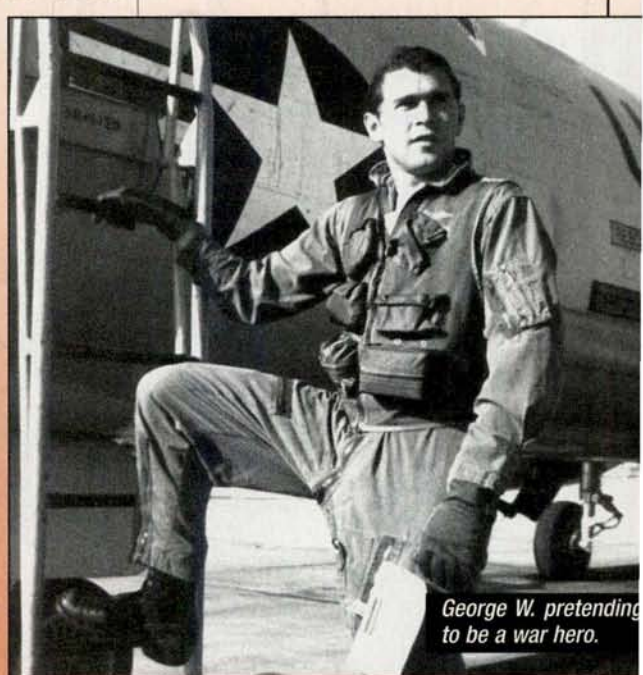
Greg Palast is an award-winning investigative journalist and American citizen whose explosive exposés for BBC Television's *Newsnight* and British newspaper *The Guardian* have been all but banned in the United States.



George W. pretending to be a war hero.

Bush
AWOL or War Criminal?

by Ed Rampell

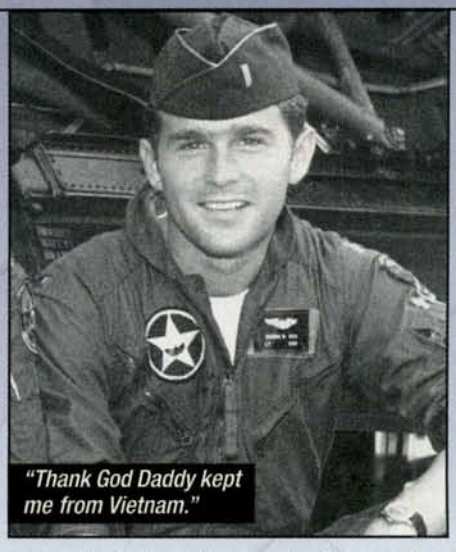
In 2000, the *Boston Globe* obtained Bush's National Guard records and reported, "In his final 18 months of military service in 1972 and 1973, Bush did not fly at all. And for much of that time, Bush was all but unaccounted for: For a full year, there is no record that he showed up for the periodic drills required of part-time guardsmen...From May to November 1972, Bush was in Alabama working in a U.S. Senate campaign and was required to attend drills at an Air National Guard unit in Montgomery. But there is no evidence in his record that he did so. And William Turnipseed, the retired general who commanded the Alabama unit back then, said in an interview last week that Bush never appeared for duty there. After the [1972 senatorial] election, Bush returned to Houston. But seven months later, in May 1973, his two superior officers at Ellington Air Force Base could not perform his annual evaluation covering the year from May 1, 1972 to April 30, 1973 because, they wrote, 'Lt. Bush has not been observed at this unit during the period of this report.'"

The *Globe* went on to note that in 1972, "Bush's evident disconnection from his Guard duties was underscored in August, when he was removed from flight status for failing to take his annual flight physical."

In his 1999 autobiography, *A Charge to Keep*, Bush (or more likely Karen Hughes) writes that after completing pilot training in July 1970, "I continued flying with my unit for the next several years." Bush couldn't have been flying for "several years," especially after he had been grounded in 1972 for failing to take his physical exam—a grounding that has never been rescinded.

Why wouldn't Dubya undergo a routine physical? Perhaps because the Air Force conducted blood tests for substance abuse. By 1972, such tests were being carried out for alcohol and narcotics.

Intriguingly, this period coincides with George W.'s work as a youth counselor in a Houston ghetto. In his controversial book *Fortunate Son*, author Jim Hatfield alleged that Bush Jr. was arrested for cocaine possession in 1972 and that his powerful father, George Herbert Walker Bush, used his political connections to get the record expunged by a Texas state judge he'd helped get elected. In exchange, Junior purportedly had to do community service.



"Thank God Daddy kept me from Vietnam."

During the 2000 campaign, when reporters hounded candidate Bush about allegations of cocaine use, he finally went on the record saying he had not done so since 1974—after the period in question. All this could explain not only George W.'s inner-city counseling, but also his reluctance to take a military physical.

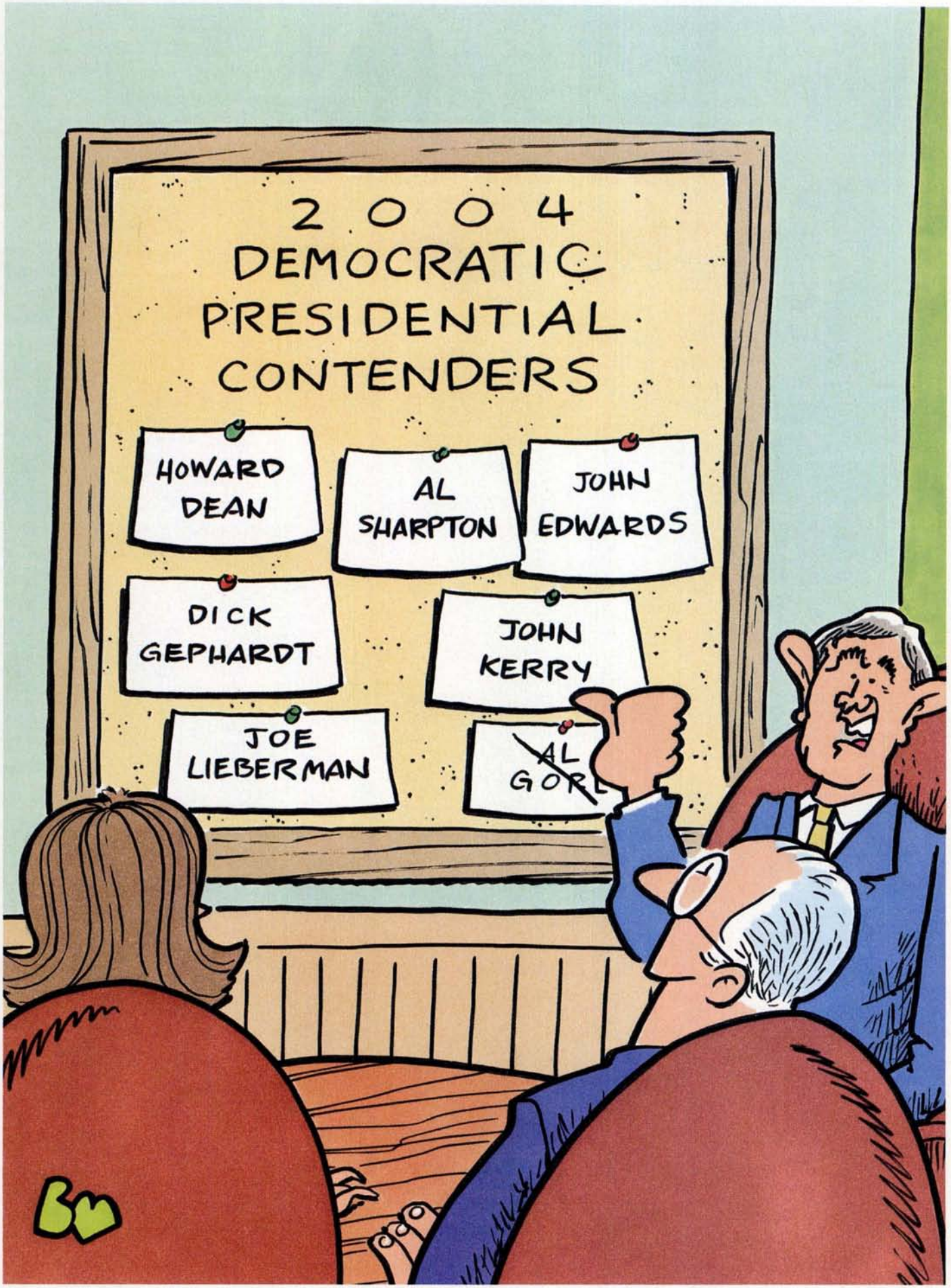
Questions regarding Bush's possible desertion during wartime—like allegations of illegal drug use—have not been definitively answered, just as conclusive documentation proving he did not go AWOL has not been supplied, despite his campaign staff's promise to do so.

"The question is: Where were you, Governor Bush?" demanded Senator Daniel Inouye, the Hawaii Democrat who lost an arm in WWII combat, during the 2000 Presidential race. "What about your commitment? What would you do as commander in chief if someone in the Guard or in another service did the same thing? During my service, if I missed training for two years, at the least, I would have been court-martialed. I would have been placed in prison."

As it stands, President George W. Bush, who displayed no reluctance to mobilize National Guard units for the war in Iraq, appears to have abandoned his obligation when it was his turn to serve.

* * *

Ed Rampell has written for *New Times L.A.*, *Variety* and the *Chicago Tribune*. Rampell is also the coauthor of *Pearl Harbor in the Movies* and *Made in Paradise: Hollywood's Films of Hawaii and the South Seas*. He currently writes the "Friend of the People" column for the *L.A. Alternative Press*.



"What a bunch of shitbags! I guess we won't have to 'steal' the election next year!"

Dressed to Thrill

Tanya James

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BISCO

"Pink describes me best," Tanya smiles. "Guys don't usually care what I'm wearing, but it's all very well thought out. My pink top matches my panties, which match my pussy lips. As you can see, I'm very color-coordinated. I'd like to be a fashion designer someday and call my line the Clit Collection or Tanya Hilfingered."

Catch Tanya James in more compromising positions in BARELY LEGAL #35 and HUSTLER'S YOUNG SLUTS, INC. #10 VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (877) 325-6484 or visit www.shophustler.com to order.
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Jenna Tales

Adventures in the Skin Trade With Jenna Jameson

Hi, guys! Welcome back to my column. Last month was so incredibly hectic; I'm glad that I've been able to switch gears and relax a little bit for now. One of my favorite ways to unwind is to get out on the golf course. There's nothing like gripping the shaft of the club and taking a whack at the ball—especially if it's for a good cause. In May I participated in the seventh annual Skylar Neil Memorial Golf Tournament in Malibu, California. This event was created by my friend, rocker Vince Neil from Mötley Crüe, who lost his four-year-old daughter to stomach cancer back in 1995. Club Jenna sponsored one of the holes in the tournament. We had a celebrity auction, and one lucky fellow and a guest won the privilege of being my caddy for the day. He helped carry my bag, assisted me with my club selection and even headed into the bushes to look for a couple of lost balls! It was a tough day, but we got through it with only a few minor mishaps.

I am still excited about my recent induction into the HUSTLER Hollywood Porn Star Walk of Fame. There was a truly glamorous champagne toast and reception, followed by me getting my hands all dirty in the wet cement. I felt extremely honored to be recognized and appreciated by Larry Flynt and HUSTLER for my work. Now I'm practically part of the family! It's a thrill to be forever immortalized next to porn-industry pioneers like Marilyn Chambers, Ron Jeremy, Seka and Ginger Lynn, to name a few. That's quite a list, don't you think?

Oh, I almost forgot. My friends at Vivid officially unveiled a new condom line. The packaging features me and the other Vivid girls in extremely sexy poses. They tell me they're practically flying out of the warehouse. Sunrise Adams, Brianna Banks, Savanna Samson and I hosted a launch party at an upscale nightclub in Hollywood called The Highlands to kick off the line. The place was packed. We had so much fun—maybe too much!

I received the sweetest letter from Charlie in Wurtland, Kentucky. He wrote, "I am a very big fan of yours. You are so damn sexy. I would just love to make love to you like a porn star. I can't wait to see you in more movies. Keep doing what you do best." Thanks, Charlie. I really appreciate your compliments.

If there's anything you'd like to see in the next installment of my column, don't hesitate to write to me. I love getting letters from fans all over the world; it makes me feel so good inside! Just drop me a line at *Jenna Tales*, c/o HUSTLER Magazine, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. See you soon!

XoXo, Jenna

EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

Edited by **Randy Haberek**

Tails of Perversity #9: *Rachel and Rob Rotten enjoy some quality time together.*

Tails of Perversity #9: *Loni has ways of dealing with Lily French's greedy mouth.*

Tails of Perversity #9

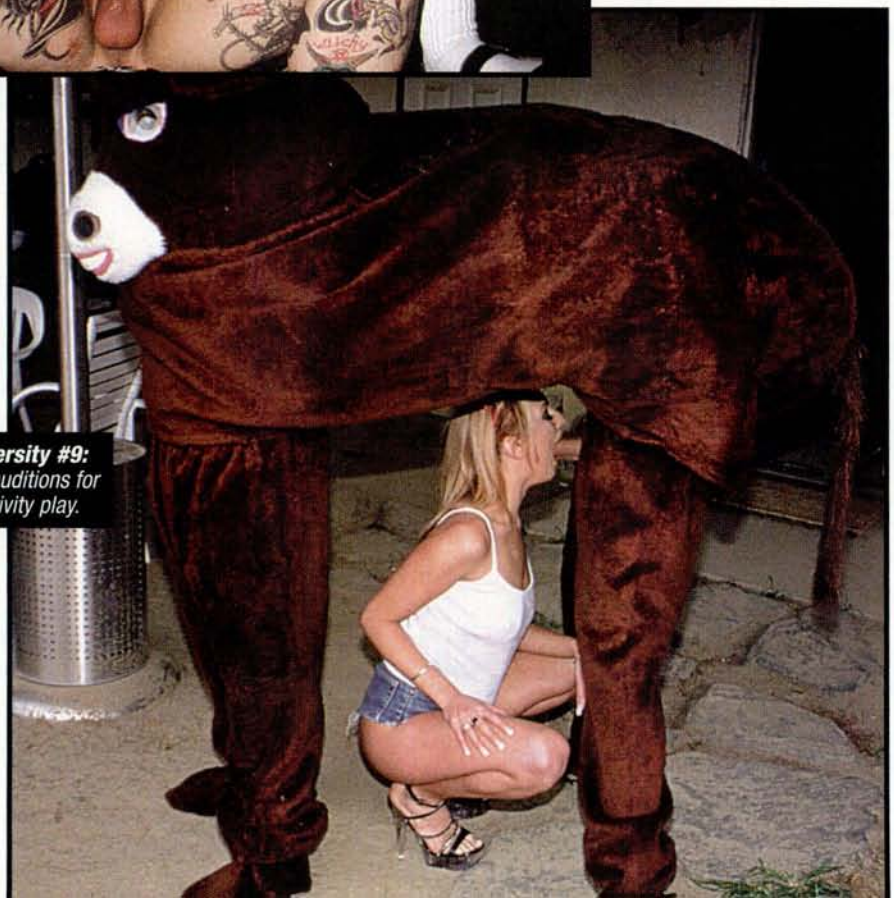
Directed by William H.

Starring Rachel Rotten, Loni, Julie Night, Bella Marie Wolf, Trista, Donna Marie, Lily French, Dick Nasty, Jay Ashley, Kyle Stone, Chris Charming, Steve Holmes, Rob Rotten, Dick Tracy, Brett Rockman, Trevor and Billy Banks.

Videocassette: Elegant Angel.

Attempts to synthesize humor with porn are usually unsuccessful. *Tails of Perversity #9* is the exception. The opening scene finds the incorrigible Dick Nasty and Steve Holmes shrouded in a pathetic-looking horse costume, getting blown by blindfolded, schlong-slurping slut Donna Marie, who lives out a bestiality fantasy. When the costume is shed, she's treated to a verbally abusive ass-reaming by the dynamic duo. The carnage continues with punk princess Rachel Rotten getting her bunghole blasted by Rob Rotten's tattooed totem pole in a storefront window display. Chained up like a dog and paraded around like the cum-sucking whore she is, "sex pet" Julie Night gets her esophagus invaded by a six-man salami circle. Night endures an endless throat-fucking as mascara and tears run down her cheeks. *Tails of Perversity #9* is a near-perfect blend of stroke fodder and humor.

—Stewart Wallace



Tails of Perversity #9: *Donna Marie auditions for her school nativity play.*

The Schlong Retains the Name

A QUICKIE WITH DICK SMOTHERS JR.

With roles in XXX offerings such as *Bad Influence* and *Sex for Sale*, Dick Smothers Jr. is quickly making a name for himself in the adult-film world. Too bad that name's already been taken—by his dad, comedian Dick Smothers of the Smothers Brothers, a similarity that has caused both men to become fodder for tabloids and trash TV.

HUSTLER: When you decided to do adult films under your own name, did you think it would cause the stir that it has?

SMOTHERS: Absolutely. I did it intentionally, because I wanted to get as much press as I could. I didn't want to be just another blue-collar woodsman.

HUSTLER: Well, it is a good porn name.

SMOTHERS: I know. That's what Jon Stewart said on *The Daily Show*. "Best male porn name ever: Dick Smothers." That rocked.

HUSTLER: Do you think your name got your foot in the door?

SMOTHERS: Yes, but I did my research. This is a move I've been seriously plotting for three years.

HUSTLER: It's been reported that your dad isn't too happy about this. Have any of his fans said anything to you?

SMOTHERS: No, but apparently he's gotten all these sympathy e-mails from people, most notably from Paul Harvey, the radio guy.

HUSTLER: What does your uncle Tom think?

SMOTHERS: I haven't spoken to him. But we don't speak much. We're not a close family.

HUSTLER: Are you planning any movies that make reference to your dad's career—say, *The Smothers Brothers Sodomy Hour*?

SMOTHERS: Yes, absolutely. I actually have an idea for a series called *The Other Smothers*. Though you have to realize that my target audience is in their 20s, and most people in their 20s don't know the Smothers Brothers, so I don't think a parody of them would really work.

HUSTLER: Have other celebrities' sons contacted you about getting into the biz?

SMOTHERS: No, though I actually want celebrity daughters to contact me. I'm sure there'd be a pretty good payout there.

HUSTLER: So has anything really funny happened to you on set because of your name?

SMOTHERS: Unfortunately, no. But sets are [usually] boring. Nothing really funny ever happens on a set.

Sex for Sale is available on VHS and DVD from Passion Productions.

"No, I will not sing 'My Old Man.'" Dick Jr., blazing his own path.

Specs Appeal #9: *Taylor Rain: "Do these glasses make me look too geeky?"*

Specs Appeal #9: *Jessica Darlin kicks up her heels.*

And the Winner Is... : *Rhiannon Bray ponders Kyle Stone's obvious glandular problem.*

And the Winner Is... : *Lezley Zen always receives the same reaction to her taste in decor.*

HUSTLER'S Young Sluts, Inc. #10: *Allison Wyte considers firing her stylist.*

London's Sorority House #3: *"Are these stalactites or stalagmites?" ponders geology major Angel.*

And the Winner Is...

Directed by Devinn Lane.
Starring Devinn Lane, Nicole Sheridan, Lezley Zen, Mia Smiles, Paris Showers, Felicia Fox, Holly Hollywood, Rhiannon Bray, Natasha Dolling, Mary Carey, Chris Cannon, Ian Daniels, Kyle Stone, Steve Hatcher and Billy Glide.
Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

And the Winner Is... is a grab bag of random scenes, but the supersize assembly of top-shelf tramps ensures something for everyone with a dick and a pulse. Since Devinn Lane's directing, she has her pick of ho's, and shoots lesbo scenes with busty Nicole Sheridan and platinum blonde Mary Carey. Demure Asian ginch Mia Smiles makes for a weak dominatrix, but Rhiannon Bray and Felicia Fox wholly satisfy as knockout wrasslers who strip each other in the ring before going down for the count on the announcers. The video's coup de grace, a threesome that features creamworthy Holly Hollywood and zipper-busting cutie Paris Showers sharing a schlong, almost eradicates the vision of fat goofball Fancy Lance stripped down to his G-string in the opener. For fun, fast-paced filth packed with talent, *And the Winner Is...* has its eyes on the prize.

—Jimmy Papagiorgio

Specs Appeal #9

Directed by Andre Madness.
Starring Taylor Rain, Honey, Jessica Darlin, Athena, Kaylani Lei, Alex Sanders, Jay Ashley, Tony Tedeschi, Lee Stone and Pat Myne.
Videocassette and DVD: Kick Ass Pictures.

As the title suggests, *Specs Appeal #9* is about hot chicks who wear glasses. Sure, the four-eyed babes look conservative, but put a schlong in their faces, and they turn into sex-starved sluts. Bleach-blond real estate agent Jessica Darlin whines like a wounded animal as old-school swordsman Alex Sanders pummels her cock-thirsty pooper and pussy before blowing a gunk geyser onto her framed face. Darlin then gives her sploogestained glasses a tongue bath, not missing a drop. Kaylani Lei gets her bronze body covered in man goo after a doggy-style dicking courtesy of Jay Ashley. Portraying a travel agent, Honey engulfs tube steak with all the tact of a starving dog. These girls are guaranteed, all-natural fuck puppets—and the sex is completely naked, with no condoms. Bonus DVD bloopers make *Specs Appeal #9* worth viewing.

—S. W.

HUSTLER'S Young Sluts, Inc. #10

Directed by Kat Slater.
Starring Mandy Lee, Mariah Cherry, Austin O'Reilly, Allison Wyte, Ashley Moore, Tanya James, Tony Pounds, Steve Holmes, Jay Ashley and Manuel Ferrara.
Videocassette and DVD: HUSTLER Video.

HUSTLER'S Young Sluts, Inc. #10 daringly blows half its wad in an amazing opening spectacle. BARELY LEGAL grad Austin O'Reilly smokes pole in the john while delectable Mandy Lee and caramel-iscious Mariah Cherry munch each other's soapy fish mittens in the bathtub. Afterward, Allison Wyte, a pink-haired, rail-thin nymphet covered in freckles, singlehandedly keeps the momentum going with her maddeningly taut, shaved cunt and overwhelming lust. Steve Holmes immediately thrusts into the willowy slut's snug honeypot, reaming her snatch as she thrashes around, wailing ferociously. Sultry, angel-faced groin-stiffener Tanya James pants through a doggy-style pounding, and Amazonian Ashley Moore tosses the salad while being throat-fucked. Austin's second boning seems halfhearted only in comparison, ending *HUSTLER'S Young Sluts, Inc. #10*'s big bang with a whimper.

—J. P.

London's Sorority House #3

Directed by Jim Slip.
Starring Lucy Law, Bailey, Summer, Simone-Claire, Hannah Harper, Leyli, Maxine, Angel, Jessica, Donna, Tony, Steve, Dirty Dog, Jay, Karl, Jay Richards and Hutch.
Videocassette: VCA Pictures.

In this no-holes-barred epic, the girls of *London Sorority House #3* work toward their master's in man-meat. To pay the rent, these Cockney cocksuckers take turns banging the landlord and all of his friends. Although the plot is as meager as most Brits' appreciation for dental hygiene, the majority of scenes blister with vivacious energy, with the exception of a brief and tepid performance by Hannah Harper. A game of Scrabble suddenly turns into a threeway fuckfest when dreadlocked cockslinger Karl gives salacious Simone-Claire a proper rogering while stocking-clad Summer tongue-fucks her shit pussy. What these girls lack in "classic porn-star looks" they more than make up for in unbridled enthusiasm. If you've never heard a horny tart scream, "Stick it up my *ahsshole*" in a British accent, you simply haven't lived. Grab your toga, and join the party at *London's Sorority House #3*.

—S. W.

Little Chiquita: *Alexis, caught between a cock and a hard place.*

Backseat Driver #18: *The pillow provided little comfort for Saphire Rae.*

Backseat Driver #18: *Gauge proudly displays her assets.*

Little Chiquita

Directed by Sandy Bunz.
Starring Brandy, Ann Marie, Kelly Moon, Alexis, Shelly Lee, Johnny, Steve Stick, Cam Shaft and J. W.
Videocassette: Flash Point Productions

Little Chiquita is not the all-Chicana, legal teen lovefest the name implies, but there *is* a banana involved. The eponymous *Chiquita*, little miss Alexis, is a vivacious, barely legal Latina who's cute enough to merit a whole tape to herself. Wearing nothing underneath her plaid skirt and letterman's jacket, Alexis warms up with a suggestively shaped yellow fruit before stripping down for naughty outdoor fun. Practice with tropical fruit makes perfect as Alexis gives a killer blowjob, rousing lucky stiff Cam Shaft to a frenzy of thrusting and grunting before he explodes right between the chica's plush fun bags. The other floozies assembled for this outing are plain and chubby, but love hard cock and know how to gobble it. While falling short as stroke fodder, *Little Chiquita*'s amateur sluts remind us that hose beasts don't have to be hot to be horny, which is little consolation.

—J. P.

Slave Dolls

Directed by Jake Malone.
Starring Ashley Blue, Roxanne Hall, Judy Star, Ashley Moore, Fiona Cheeks, Ciera Sage, Lily French, Saphire Rae, Steve Holmes, Kyle Stone, Jay Ashley and Manuel Ferrara.
Videocassette: Elegant Angel.

Slave Dolls is a series of first-rate vignettes that will satisfy even the most demanding fuck-film fancier. A scorching performance by fresh-faced, raven-haired rectal queen Ashley Blue and veteran British tramp Roxanne Hall is a particular standout. During a punishing pooper porking, Ashley begs to taste her assailant's meat dagger while Hall observes from a corner, pounding her pussy with an enormous dildo. Another segment finds waiflike wunderkind Lily French dressed in a schoolgirl uniform and being tossed around like a cheerleader during halftime. Although *Slave Dolls* is centered around a domination/punishment theme, it manages to transcend its roots through the infusion of forced spit-swapping, ass-licking, cocksucking and over-the-top debauchery not found in the prototypical S&M flick. *Slave Dolls* will leave viewers fit to be tied.

—S. W.

Backseat Driver #18

Directed by Michael Adam.
Starring Gauge, Angela Crystal, Alaura Eden, Courtney Devine, Saphire Rae, Adajja, Mark Davis, Mark Wood and Tristan Seagal.
Videocassette and DVD: Metro Inc.

Watching *Backseat Driver #18*, one expects to see Gauge's seasoned poop chute plugged with big, hard cock, and the video delivers on this assumption. The surprising part is that the petite, Arkie anal luminary is all but upstaged by her co-stars. Scrumptious young blonde Angela Crystal sports finely sculpted ass cheeks, a supertight cooze and luscious lips that wrap around her scenemate's dick like a velvet bow. Two fingers go knuckle-deep into her dumper, and she licks the befouled digits clean as a warm-up to her raunchy rut. Dark-haired honeys Alaura Eden and Courtney Devine dyke out so hard that they barely notice Mark Davis until he whips out his tube steak. Freckle-faced Courtney slobbers all over Davis's balls as she hoovers his rod directly from Alaura's steaming shitpipe. Gap-toothed redhead Saphire Rae steals the show with her drink-coaster-sized gape. Pull over and ask for directions to *Backseat Driver #18*.

—J. P.

Whore Hunters

Directed by Jerome Tanner.
Starring Hannah Harper, Brittany Skye, Holly Hollywood, Sabrine Maui, Felix Vicious, Evan Stone, Ben English, Dillon, Steve Holmes, Lee Stone, Mr. Pete, Jay Ashley, Melody, Malorie Marx, Roxy Blaze, Frank Bukkwyd and Big Sur.
Videocassette: Legend Video.

According to *Whore Hunters*' premise, in the year 3010, cloning and the introduction of sexually charged fembots have eradicated the need for women. As the female species nears extinction, the remaining few chippies are hunted down by a wily band of rednecks. In *Whore Hunters*, comely blond sexpot Hannah Harper portrays a heroic hybrid femme bent on helping her fellow trollops escape a *Logan's Run* existence set in *Deliverance* country. Between mildly unsettling footage of the boys swapping stories on the porch and impaling chicks with dildo-tipped arrows, Hannah and company enjoy a few frenetic fucks along their journey toward autonomy. Of particular note is a scene with stuttering, sex-starved hillbilly Evan Stone, who crams his rod so far up Felix Vicious's crap hatch that she squirts all over herself. *Whore Hunters* will have strokers grabbing their love guns.

—S. W.

Whoring for Dummies

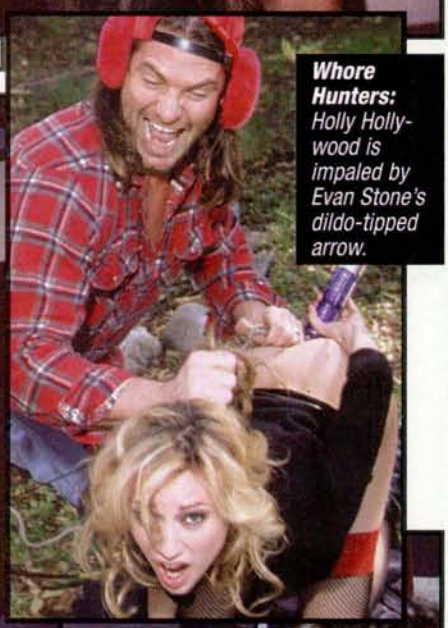
ICE-T DROPS SCIENCE, EVERYBODY ELSE DROPS TROU IN *PIMPIN' 101*

From street-poet rapper to heavy-metal rocker to genre-actor heavy, we've watched Tracy Morrow morph and grow over the years. Just when we thought it was time to look for the action figure, the man popularly known as Ice-T shows us that he still has a few more ghetto-fabulous tricks up his well-tailored sleeves. *Pimpin' 101* isn't so much a porn video as it is a treasure map to higher knowledge brought to you by a man who's obviously been there and worn a rubber so he could live to tell the story. In a series of vignettes shot by Tony Diablo, the current *Law and Order: SVU* cast member takes you down the primrose path of ho-dom in all its sordid permutations, from the lowly streetwalker to top-shelf cooch-for-hire, telling the viewer what to look for, what to avoid and how to know when you've been played.

Pimpin' 101 gains its stroke value from the cadre of porn chippies who graphically illustrate the host's cautionary examples. Chloe Black and Sharon Wilde get so cum-drunk they can't see straight. Elsewhere, Cherie and August take in more cock than a urinal at Dodger Stadium. Not to mention Obsession and August, who acquit themselves admirably as they, in T's words, "earn their ho stripes." But the real reason you should watch this movie is to glean the hard-earned carnal wisdom of a man who's now living the life and never looking back. Just make sure that, at the end of each lesson, you don't still have your hand on your hydrant when T comes back onscreen.

Pimpin' 101 is available from Fatt Entertainment.

Slave Dolls: *Lily French's childhood gymnastics lessons have finally paid off.*



Whore Hunters: *Holly Hollywood is impaled by Evan Stone's dildo-tipped arrow.*

Slave Dolls: *Roxanne Hall checks Ashley Moore for cavities.*

Whore Hunters: *Rednecks close their eyes and think of Ned Beatty.*

A Group Thing #2: "Good to the last drop," say Courtney, Candice and Rio.

Total Babe: Avy Scott has a Spider-man fetish.

Carmen Goes to College: Chloe and Carmen earn sleazy A's.

A Group Thing #2: Courtney takes to cock like a baby to a nipple.

Carmen Goes to College: Carmen: "Hurry up; I haven't got all day."

Carmen Goes to College

Directed by Andre Madness.
Starring Carmen Luvana, Chloe Dior, Cindy Crawford, Melody, Eric Everhard, Julian, Lee Stone, Joel Lawrence and Ben English.
Videocassette: New Sensations.

In the slutty coming-of-age tale *Carmen Goes to College*, bottle-blond sex kitten Carmen Luvana is supposed to be wide-eyed and innocent. Thankfully, no one buys it for a second. When it comes to killer head and hip-bucking mattress mambos, Carmen completely craters the grading curve. Rib-cage-thin blond babe Cindy Crawford flicks her tongue over Lee Stone's huge shaft and takes the term *doggy-style* so literally that she lifts up her leg while Lee widens her skin chimney. When Carmen discovers her insanely busty roommate, Chloe Dior, is a stripper, the tireless carnal explorer hightails it to the club for some lesbian action, which Julian turns into a naked game of Twister. Despite the collegiate theme, *Carmen Goes to College* doesn't exude much legal teen freshness, but scores more than enough points for Puerto Rican pixie Carmen Luvana to matriculate.

—J. P.

Total Babe

Directed by Bryan Xin.
Starring Avy Scott, Nella, Judy Star, Kathy Anderson, Ashley Long, Cheyne Collins, Adriana, Peter Rain, Jazz Duro, Max and Slim Shady.
Videocassette: DVSX.

Despite its rather uncompelling title, *Total Babe* illustrates that if you deliver the goods as advertised on the box cover, you can call a fuck film whatever you damn well please. The video tears through two hours, six scenes and seven babes, and presents quite an assemblage of new talent, as well as some seasoned veterans such as Judy Star and Avy Scott. The first scene is groin-grabbingly good, as the curvaceous Miss Scott, who isn't afraid to go the extra mile, shoves four fingers up her rump while in the midst of a pussy pounding. First-timers (and real-life girlfriends) Nella and Adriana share a glass of vino before indulging in some serious slit-slobbering. Raven-haired harlot Judy Star's gaping poop chute stands as a testament to her undying love of anal adventure. While there are a couple of uninspired scenes, the majority of *Total Babe* is wankworthy material.

—S. W.

A Group Thing #2

Directed by Vince Vouyer.
Starring Rio, Wett, Leila De Santos, Courtney Devine, Cuban Bee, Alaura Eden, Candice Jackson, Amee Donavan, Renee Pornero, Mr. Pete, Franco Roccaforte, Brian Pumper, Steve Holmes, Tony Tedeschi and Manuel Ferrara.
Videocassette: Red Light District.

Each scene in *A Group Thing #2* is a three-on-three clusterfuck, but something about the simultaneous schtuppings doesn't add up. The symphony of sex noises and saturation of fleshy eye candy kick things into overdrive, building viewer expectations to ball-bloating heights. But cutting away from scorching-hot Amee Donavan's enormous, jiggling boobs in the middle of an ass reaming—even if it is to show svelte spum target Renee Pornero's tight cooze getting jack-hammered—wrecks the momentum. Flame-haired, spunky Cuban Bee, top-heavy legal teen Candice Jackson and blond Brazilian babe Leila De Santos all deserve to have the camera glued to them throughout their rectal thrashings. *A Group Thing #2* has more raunchy sleaze going on than it can handle, sapping its own strength by splitting screen time for its shining stars.

—J. P.

Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER.

Fully Erect

The Escort (Metro Inc.)
April, Lezley Zen, Ann Marie, Eric Masterson

My Plaything 2: It's a Boy! (New Sensations/Digital Sin)
Jenna Jameson, Carmen Luvana, anonymous stunt cock

Weapons of Ass Destruction (Evil Angel Video)
Belladonna, McKayla Matthews, Gauge, Stacy Carpenter, Lee Stone

Three-Quarters Erect

D.P. Dilemma (J. M. Productions)
Samantha Sterlyng, Madison, Jasmine Lynn, Rick Masters

Girlvert #2: Ashley Blue (J. M. Productions)
Ashley Blue, Julie Night, Jasmine Lynn, Angel Long, Chris Charming

Nymph Fever 8 (Legend)
Hannah Harper, Melody, Malorie Marx, Kiki Daire, Evan Stone

Porn Star (Wicked Pictures)
Julia Ann, Asia Carrera, Lezley Zen, Aria, Jonathan Morgan

Rear Factor #2 (Pleasure Productions)
Zana, Kiki Daire, Aurora Snow, Randy Spears

Surfer Girl (Sin City Films)
Karina, Asia Carrera, Alexis Malone, Natasha Dolling, Dillon

HUSTLER'S Young Latin Girls #3 (HUSTLER Video)
Amanda, Kelly Tyler, Hennesy, Trixie, Mark Ashley

Half Erect

Babes Illustrated 12 (Cal Vista/Metro)
Carolyn Monroe, Allysin Chaynes, Ann Marie, Romona Luv, Ember

Cream Filling (Astoria Productions)
Brittany Skye, Ashley Long, Sharon Wild, Hanna, Jay Ashley

Fantasy Ltd. (Metro Video)
Petra, Lezley Zen, Katie Morgan, Ann Marie, Lee Stone

The Real Deal Amateurs: Real Naughty Amateurs at Play (BB Entertainment)
Summer, Talle, Jessica, Sirene, Demetry

One-Quarter Erect

From Here to Eternitity (Flash Point Productions)
Brandy, Kelly Moon, McKinsey, Alexis, Cam Shaft

Totally Limp

Shane's World #31: The Life and Times of Drunky the Bear (New Sensations)
Faye, Porno Joe, Stinky Martinez

Rating Guide

Fully Erect
Superior. A top production.

Three-Quarters Erect
Above average. Hard-on material.

Half Erect
Standard fare. Has moments.

One-Quarter Erect
Poor. Don't expect much.

Totally Limp
A waste of time and money.

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10. HERMAPHRODITES - THE THIRD SEX	11. FARMGIRL DESIRES	12. YOUNG GUSHERS
13. MONSTER COCKS	14. SEDUCING THE BABYSITTER	15. CUTIE PIE 2
16. YOUNG TIGHT BODIES	17. BARELY LEGAL IN JAPAN	18. BOFFING THE BABYSITTER
19. LITTLE CHICKS BIG DICKS	20. LITTLE WHITE GIRL BIG BLACK MEN	21. ANIMAL LOVE
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37. BIG CLITS	38. 1ST TIME W/ A BLACK MAN	39. ULTIMATE BANGERS
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55. BIG WHITE DICKS TIGHT BLACK PUSSY	56. GIVING IT UP TO THE BLACK MAN	57. BIGGER & BLACKER
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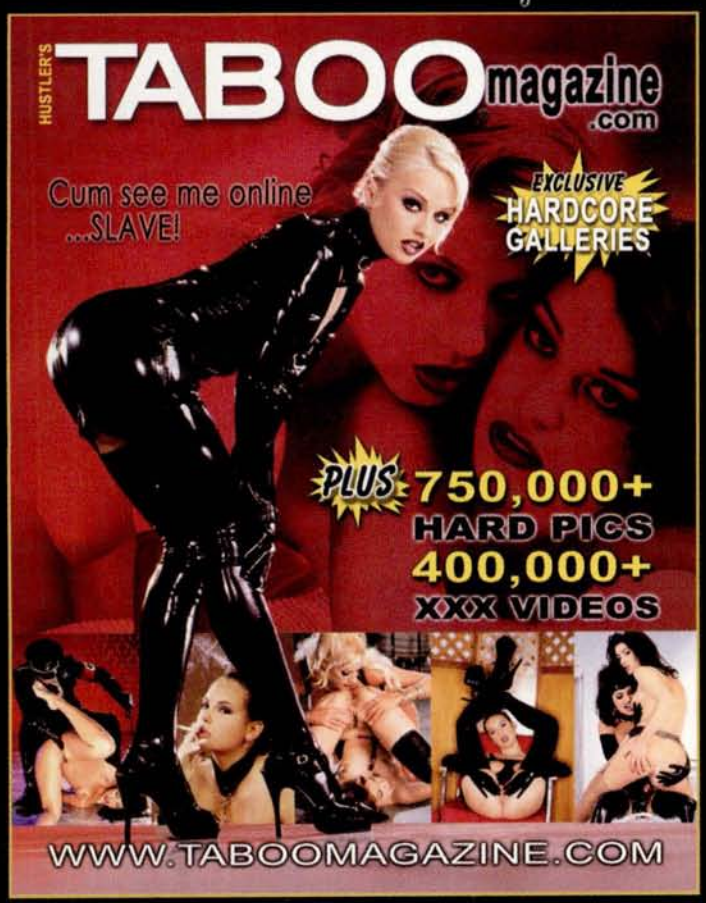
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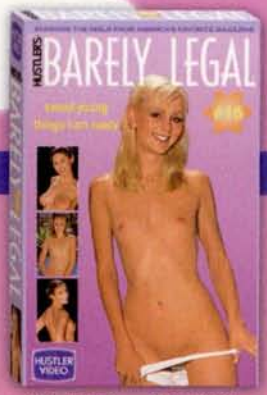

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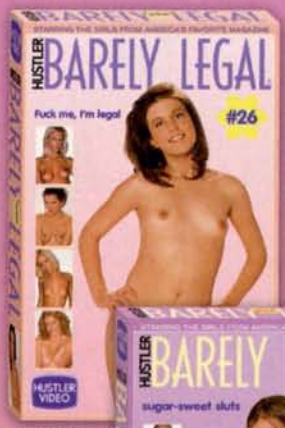
VHS:#BLV20 DVD:#BLD20



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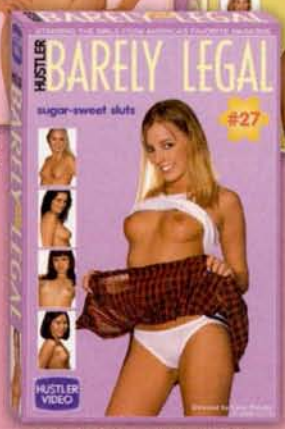
VHS:#BLV26 DVD:#BLD26

VHS:#BLV24 DVD:#BLD24



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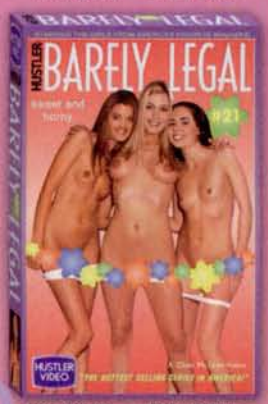

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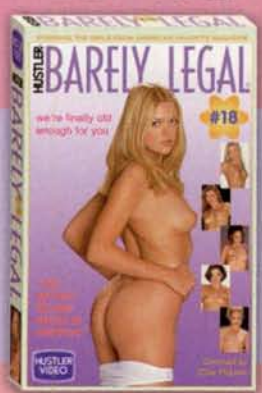

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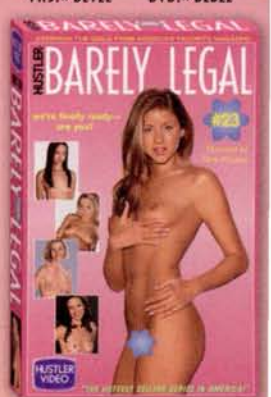
VHS:#BLV22 DVD:#BLD22

VHS:#BLV19 DVD:#BLD19



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❑ BLD17 ❑ BLD18 ❑ BLD19 ❑ BLD20 ❑ BLD21 ❑ BLD22 ❑ BLD23 ❑ BLD24
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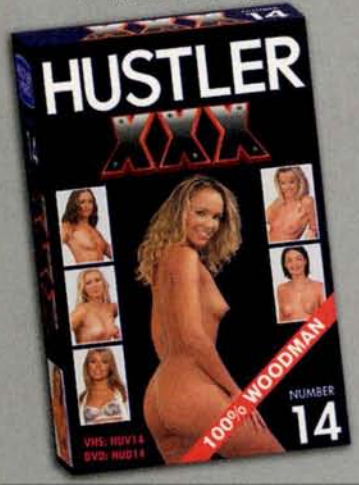

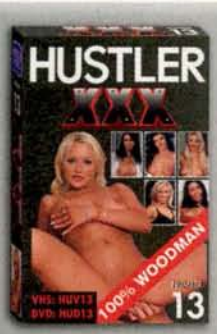

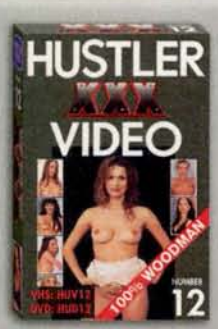

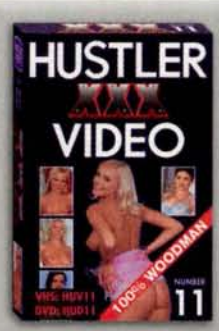

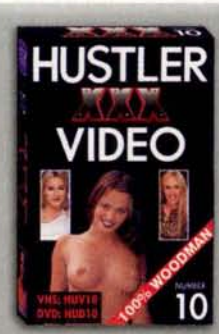

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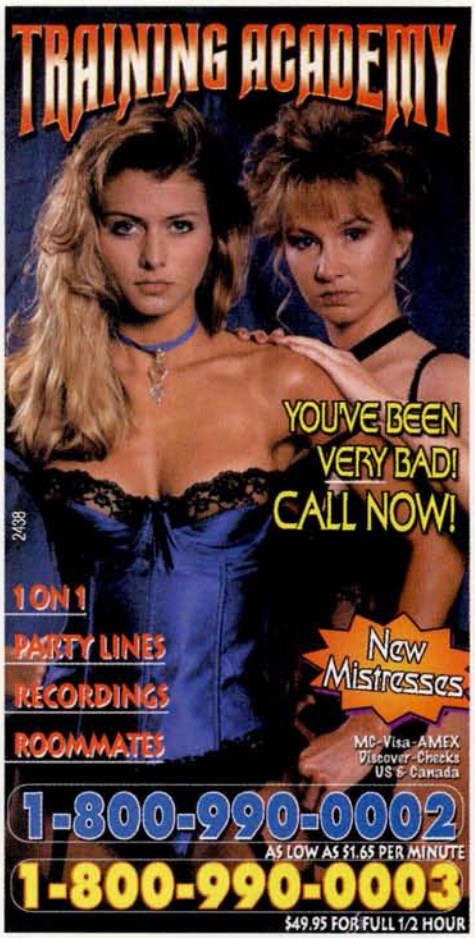
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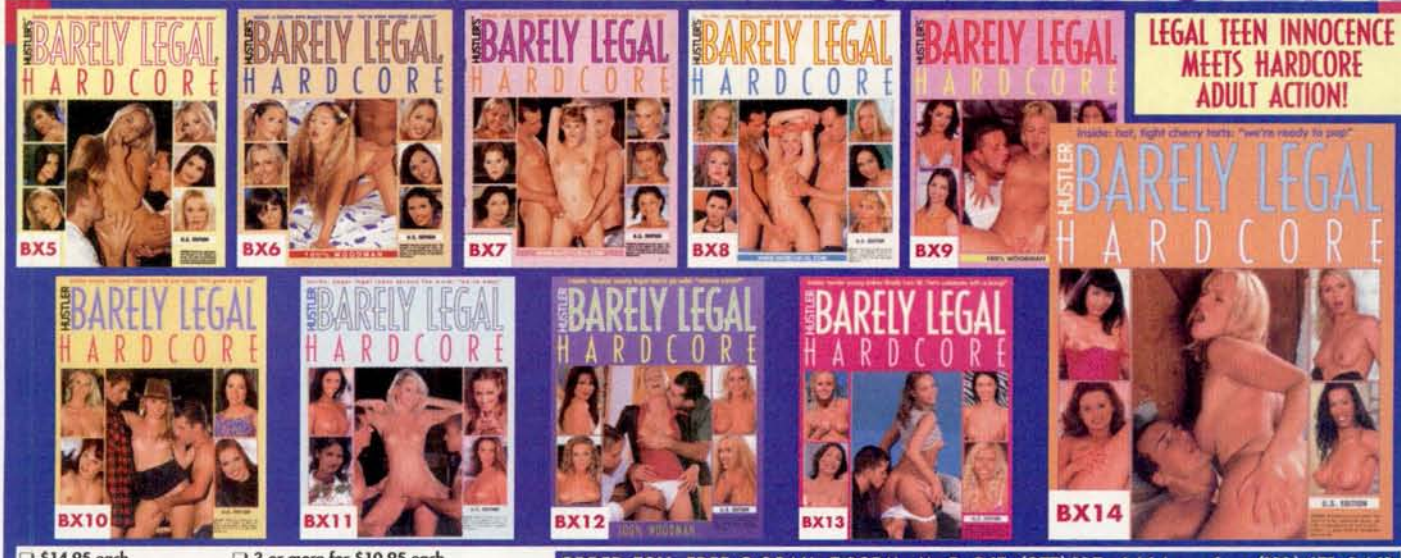

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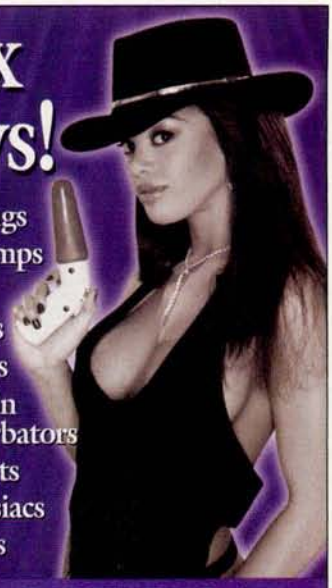

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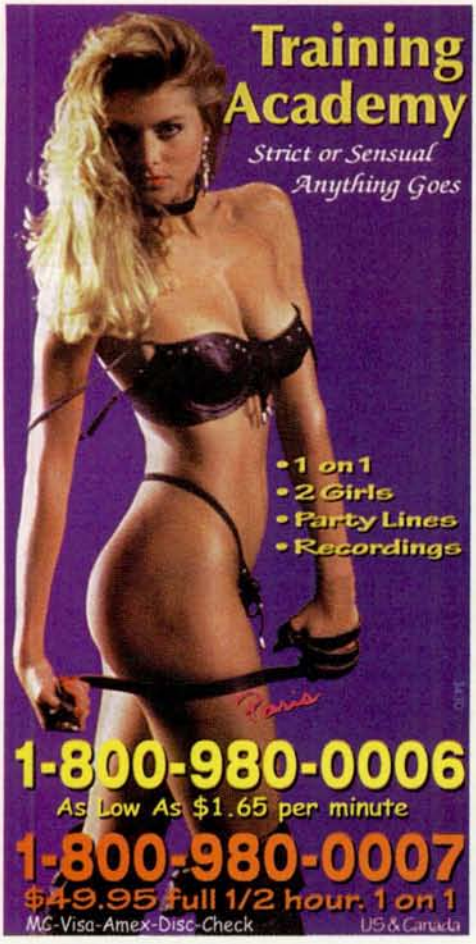

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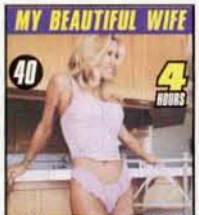

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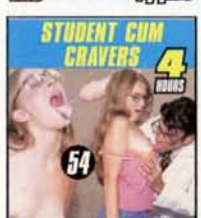

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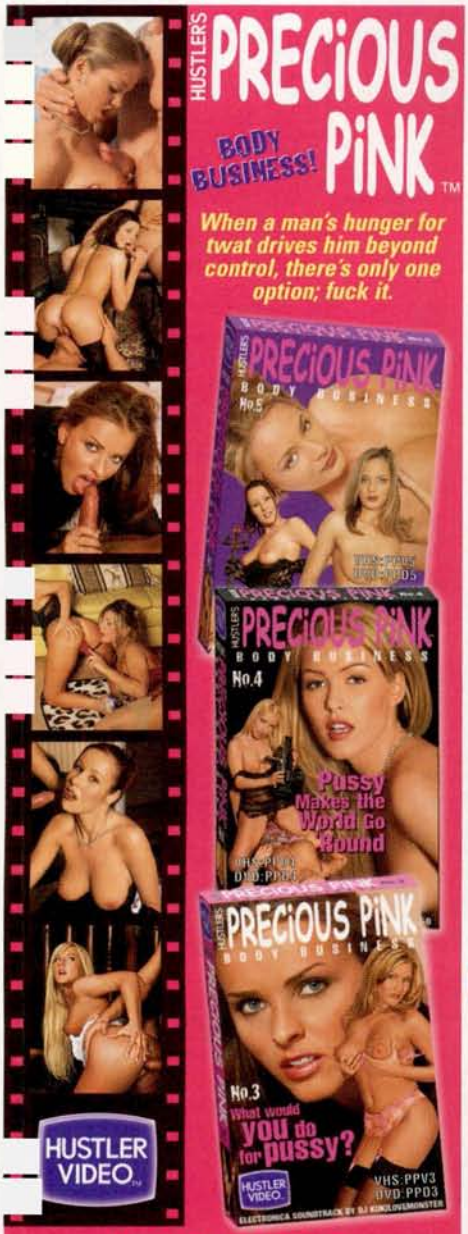

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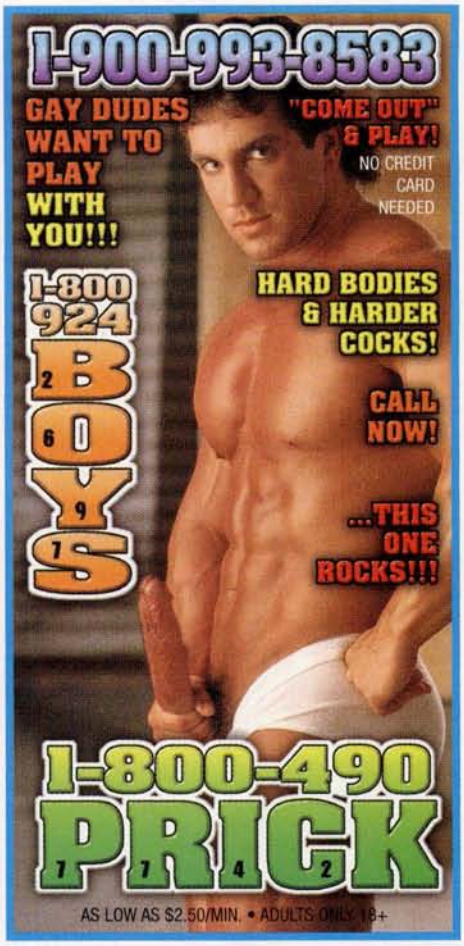

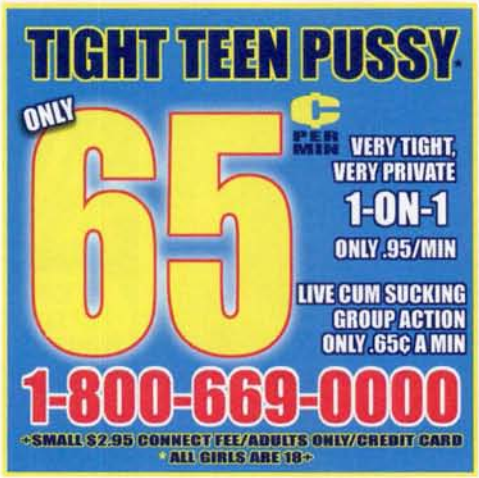

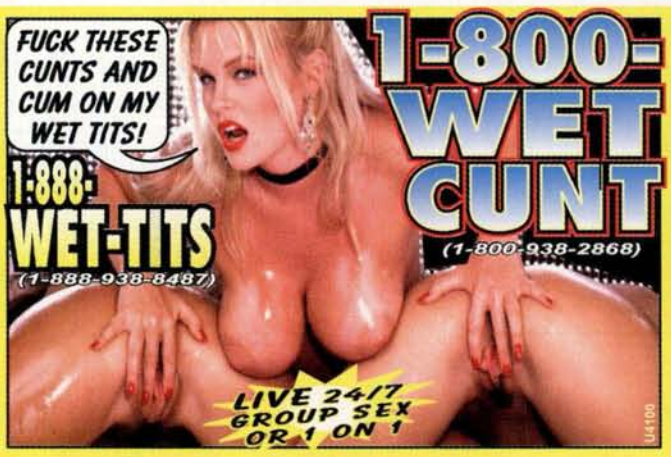

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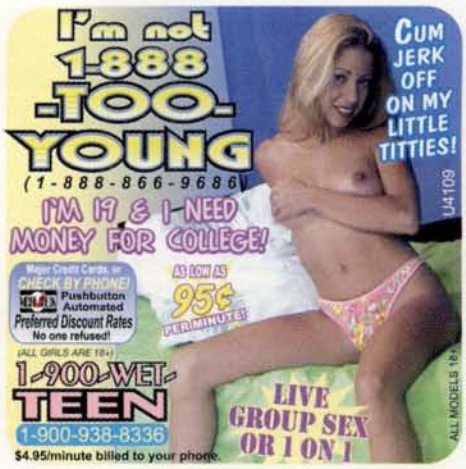

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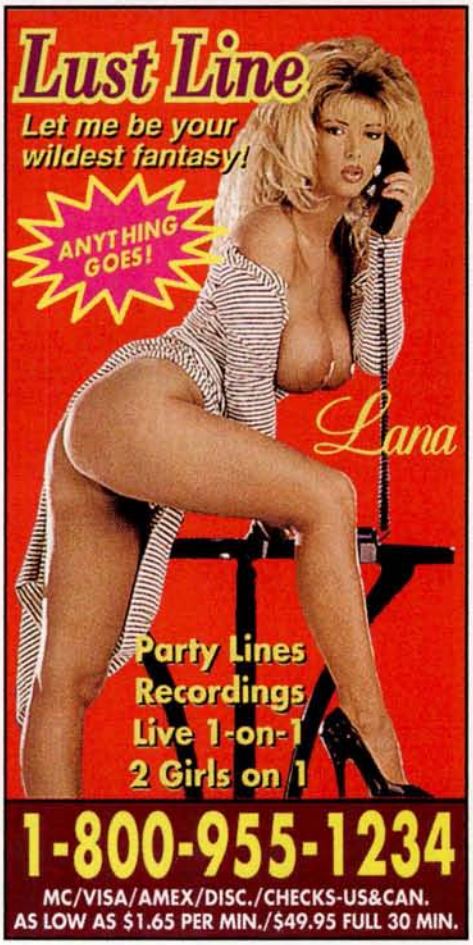

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Credit cards accepted. Adults only.
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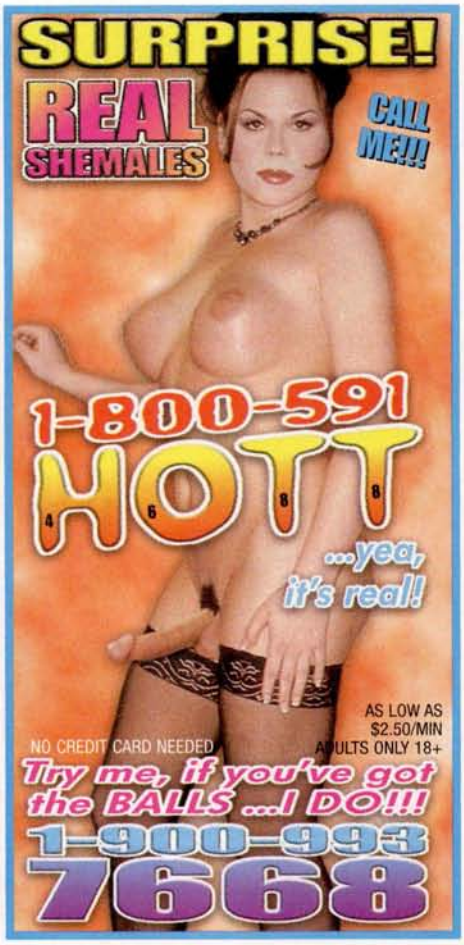
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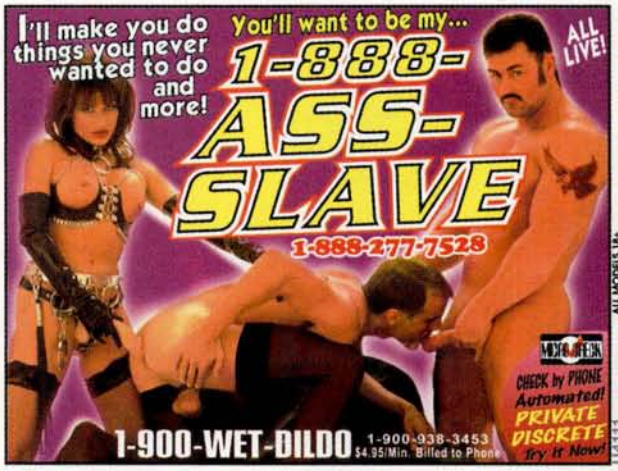
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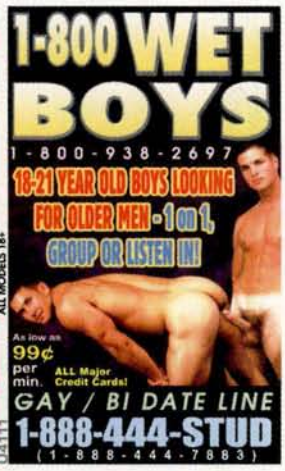
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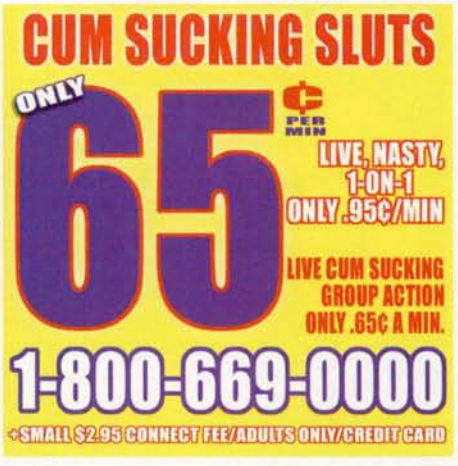
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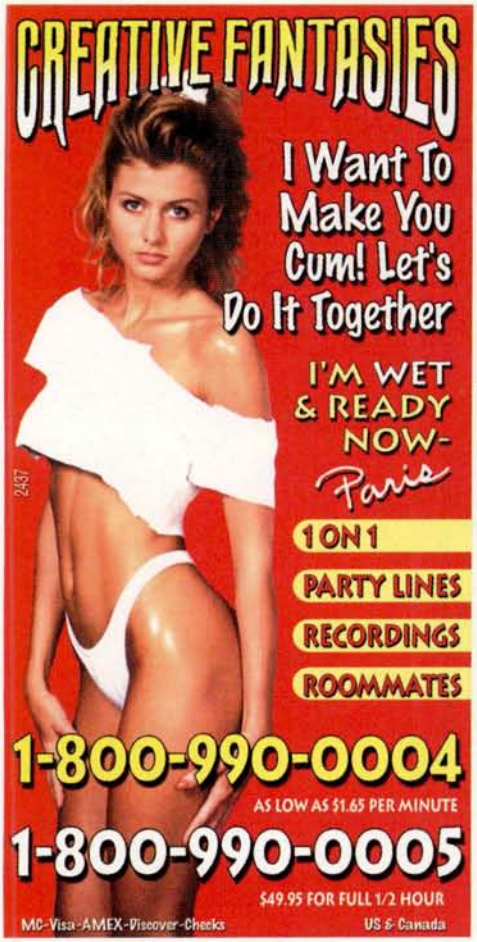

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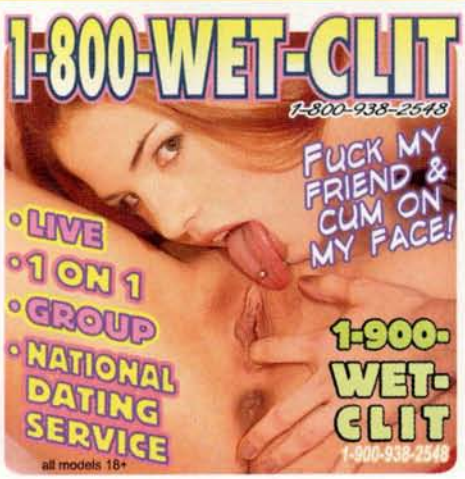

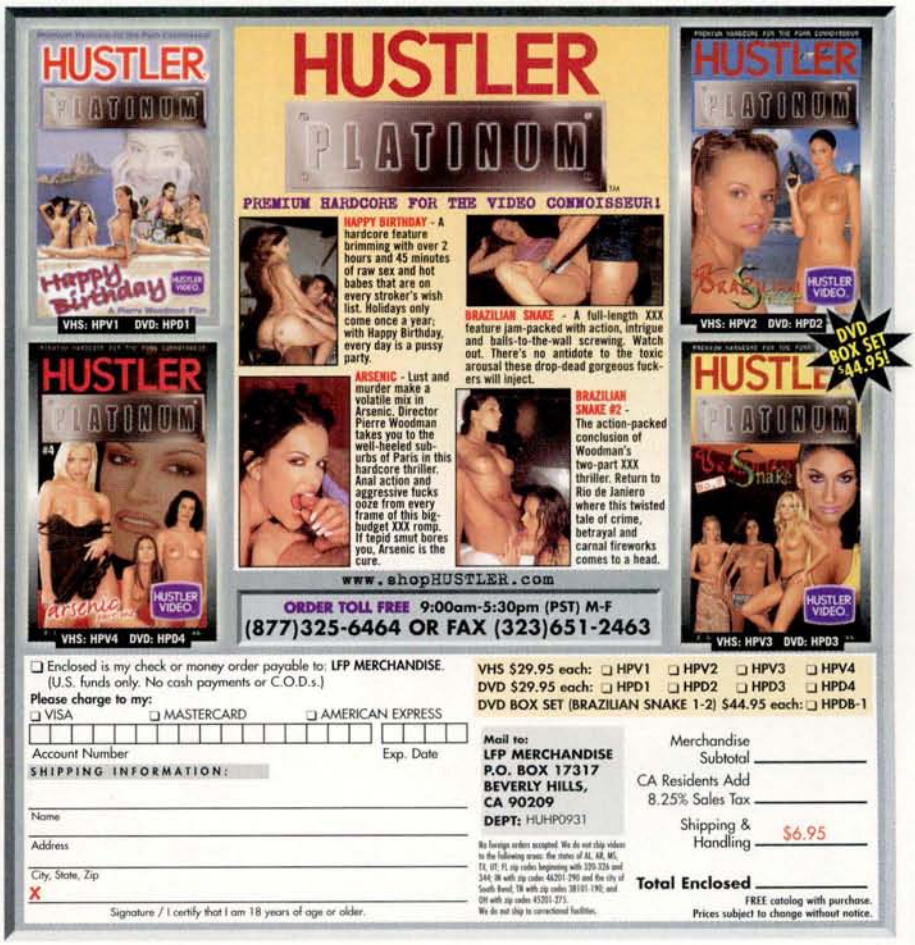

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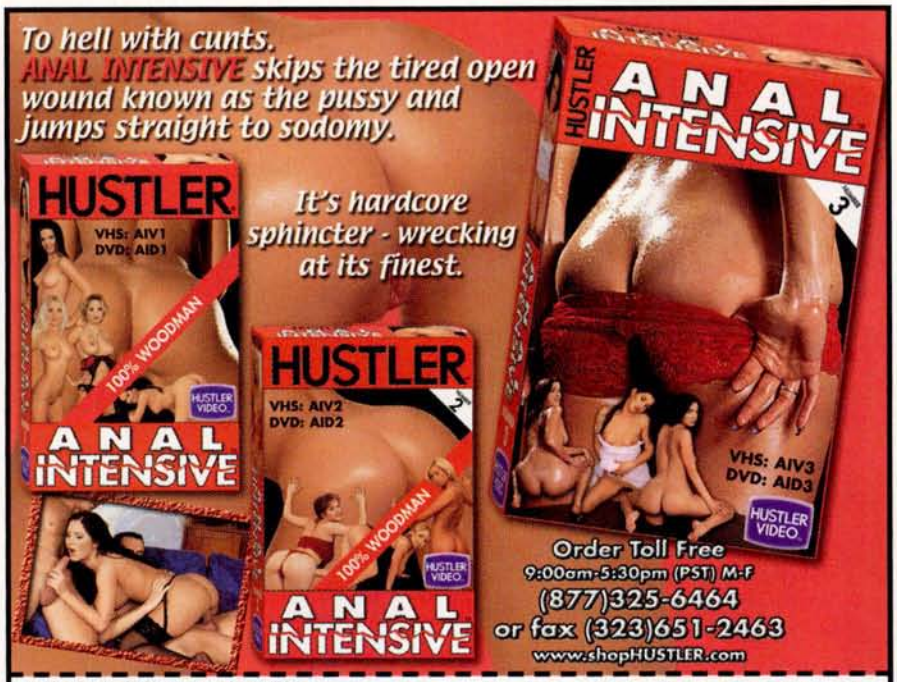
ANAL INTENSIVE skips the tired open wound known as the pussy and jumps straight to sodomy.



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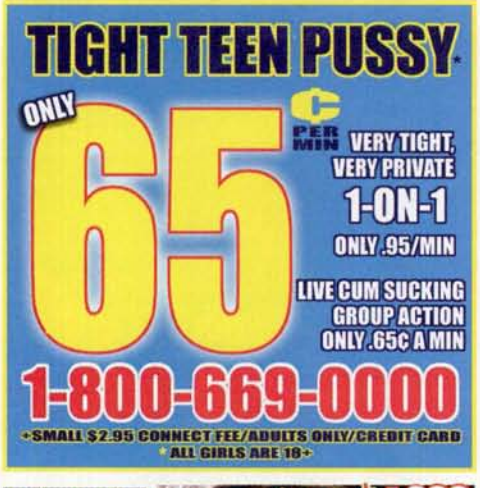
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DOCTOR DISCOVERS PILL TO ENLARGE YOUR PENIS!

PRO+PLUS PILLS WILL WORK FOR YOU!
WE OFFER A 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!!

No Pumps, Exercises or Prescription!
Doctor Approved Pill Will Enlarge Your Penis up to 4 Inches!

"This pill really works. I am now a harder 9 inches, which makes me feel good about myself. Besides wanting to be bigger, I always got soft to soon. Now that doesn't happen anymore. I'm hard like a rock from start to finish. I don't stop until she says 'you are terrific' and cums right along with me." -JS, Ohio

You Will Have These Penis Gains In A Few Weeks!

Just imagine when your sex partner sees how thick and long and hard you are. How about when men will gasp with envy the first time they see the new you in a locker room, shower or gym. Your larger penis will give you the confidence to meet the challenge of any woman. Penetrate deeper and see just how much greater satisfaction your sex partner will have. You will feel in total command because now any possibility of going soft, and premature ejaculation will be eliminated with your new rock hard much larger penis.

HOW DOES PRO+PLUS PILLS ENLARGE YOUR PENIS?

The corpa cavernosa are the two spongy bodies of erectile tissue on either side of the penis. An erection is caused by blood filling the erectile tissues. But what if the erectile tissues were made larger? What if you could somehow expand the size of the erectile tissues? Then of course the erectile tissues would hold more blood and you would have a significantly larger penis. Blow up a balloon with more air and you have a larger balloon. Fill the erectile tissues with more blood and you have a larger penis. Without any effort on you part, without any exercising, pumping or stretching, PRO+PLUS PILLS will expand the erectile tissues longer and wider and fill the erectile tissues with a larger supply of blood so that your penis will gain up to 4 inches in what has been described as a miracle. **You can make that miracle happen.** You can have the penis size you always dreamed of with the PRO+PLUS PILL and we GUARANTEE IT!

IS YOUR PENIS SIZE AVERAGE?

You probably have heard or read somewhere the average penis size is about 6 inches. If your penis is 6 inches and you want to be average then don't read any further. But if your not satisfied with an average or less then average size penis, the PRO+PLUS PILLS will help you grow up to 4 inches and it is perfectly safe and it is your secret because you can take the PRO+PLUS PILLS without anyone knowing that you are taking it.

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO ENLARGE YOUR PENIS?

In a couple of weeks the most noticeable change will be the width of your penis and longer lasting erections. Then after a month or two you will see a change in the length of your penis and again you will notice a thicker and wider penis. As you stand in front of a mirror you will be amazed even without an erection how your penis wil 'hang' longer and thicker. After the third month when you have an erection you will see a very noticeable change. Not just in size but your penis will look firmer, stronger then you ever dreamed possible. **No pill sold anywhere can give you the maximum potential you want in two months.** Why settle for less when you can have much more. You need **three to four months** to grow to your maximum potential and we offer special prices for a three or four months supply with a **100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AND FREE OFFER!**

WHAT EXACTLY IS THE PRO+PLUS PILLS?

Discovered by Dr. Dmitri Zorken and his research team PRO+PLUS PILLS is a powerful natural herbal penis enlargement formula that increases penis size, stronger erections and maintains your sexual virility. Combining the formulations of the type of herbs found in many parts of the world that can enlarge the penis erectile tissues. We also included some of the same type of herbs found in Polynesia where the men of the Mangaian tribe have sex on the average of 3 times a night, every night. While this is not what you may wish, it is nice to know your sexual performance can improve substantially.

HOW BIG IS BIG AND HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED TO SATISFY YOUR PARTNER?

Consider the difference between a 7, 8 or 9 inch penis that is thicker and a penis that is 4 to 6 inches and narrower. With a larger penis you penetrate more sensitive areas of the woman. Your longer penis probes deeper searching those special nerve endings. The added width to your penis fills and presses her from side to side to give your partner the most exhilarating sensations. **It is possible for you to reach the most sensitive area of all, a woman's G-spot.** These sensations will produce for a woman the ultimate multiple orgasms. At the same time because you are reaching a woman's most sensitive areas with your larger penis you will receive more pleasure to your sensitive nerve endings. Just knowing you are giving your partner this pleasurable experience will certainly give you the added confidence of being a better lover.

WHAT WILL THE PRO+PLUS PILLS DO FOR ME?

- A longer, thicker penis. Penis Enlargement up to 4 inches or more
- A longer, thicker penis even when you are not hard. Because there is more blood flow to the penis, your penis 'hangs' larger all day.
- You will have bigger, harder erections. Because of increased blood flow your erections grow harder.
- Erections when you want them. Rock hard erections every time. No more problems because you can't get it up and keep it up. PRO+PLUS PILLS will keep the blood flowing to your penis so you will always get hard and stay hard.
- Stronger and more intense orgasms
- Stop premature ejaculations
- Safely enhance the size of your penis.

WILL THE PENIS ENLARGEMENT BE PERMANENT?

Yes it is and you control the growth because once you reach your optimum size you could stop taking PRO+PLUS PILLS for Penis Enlargement. We say you could stop taking the PRO+PLUS PILLS because it is not necessary to be larger then 9 or 10 inches. Most women can only comfortably accommodate a 9 or 10 inch penis. Anything larger then that may be too large for most woman. Nine inches or more than 9 inches, the choice is yours.

DUAL ACTION EXCLUSIVE FEATURES!

Penis Enlargement and Continued Sexual Health!

Take PRO+PILLS first for Penis Enlargement to reach your optimum size. After that continue taking only one PRO+PILL daily to improve your sexual health, feel younger, increase sexual desire, gain more stamina and greater sexual pleasure. You can also take 2 PRO+PLUS PILLS before sex for the strongest, hardest erection you will ever have.

OUR OTHER SCIENTIFIC MIRACLE PILL!

PEARL+PLUS PILLS are guaranteed to sexually stimulate women of all ages. For increased blood flow, sexual enjoyment and intensify orgasms. Sexual sensitivity is produced by blood flow into the clitoris, labia and vagina. Only $60.00 or FREE WITH ANY ORDER OF 3 OR MORE BOTTLES OF PRO+PLUS PILLS.

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Only $60 for one bottle or 1 months supply. $120 for 3 bottles or 3 months supply. **FREE!** Order 3 bottles or more and choose 1 FREE bottle of Pro+Plus Pills or choose 1 FREE bottle of Pearl+Plus Pills. You will get results within the first month and you will reach your optimum size in 3 to 4 months. Many of our customers continue taking Pro+Plus Pills to maintain good health and rock hard erections. Add $40 for extra bottles. Any future orders are $40 for each bottle. We never automatically ship more bottles to you and bill your credit card unless you re-order.

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If for any reason you are not completely satisfied return the bottle(s) within 2 months and receive a full 100% refund including shipping. Why do we make this incredible guarantee? Because every thing we say here is true and we know you will be satisfied with PRO+PLUS PILLS.

IMPORTANT: Because of the success of PRO+PLUS PILLS there are many imitations. If you do not see a **100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE** then you **DO NOT** have a money back guarantee. We Offer a **100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.** Do you trust buying penis enlargement pills from a pharmacy or drugstore or from our research company PLUS MEDICAL an International Company in business for over 30 years.

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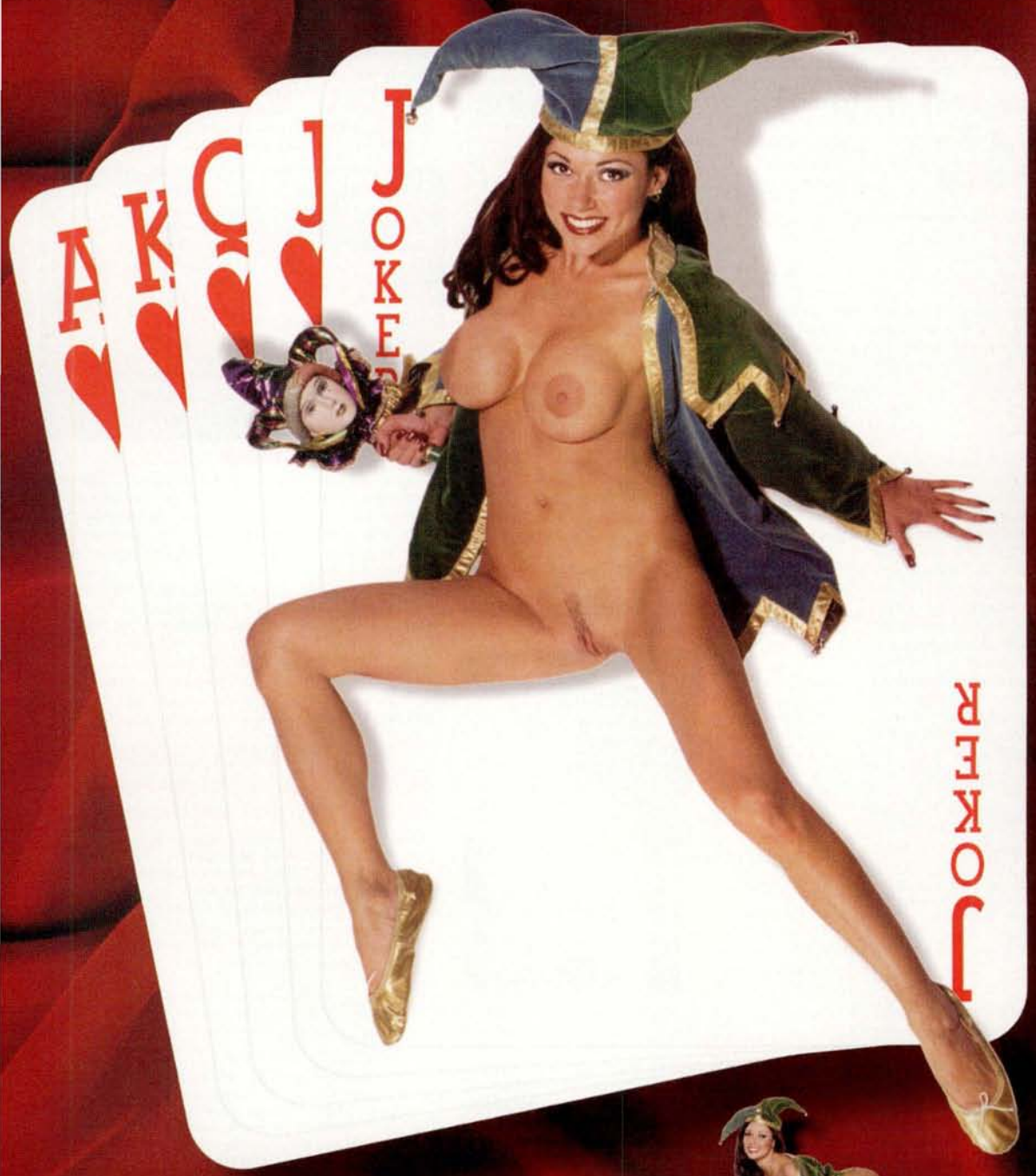

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REAL DOCTORS, REAL SCIENCE, AND REAL RESULTS!

THE WORLD'S #1 PENIS ENLARGEMENT FORMULA

In the past year, demand for **MAGNA-RX+** has exploded as word of mouth spreads about what medical experts have called the world's most powerful *Penis Enlargement Formula.* Dr. George Aguilar has led a dedicated team of accomplished biochemists working in one of this country's most state-of-the-art pharmaceutical laboratories to create **MAGNA-RX+**. The result of their diligent, disciplined work is a proprietary, all-natural botanical formula for men, just like you, who want bigger, thicker penises... FAST!

See what thousands of satisfied men (and their lovers) have already discovered: **MAGNA-RX+** is the world's #1 best-selling *Penis Enlargement Formula* for one very simple reason: *IT WORKS!*

MORE INTENSE ORGASMS

Only **MAGNA-RX+** pills contain the exclusive, trademarked *Orgasmic Thrust Activation* process. Not only do **MAGNA-RX+** users report amazing increases in penis length and thickness, but they are also equally delighted by the unparalleled intensity, concentrated power and mind-blowing energy of their orgasms! And their very satisfied lovers love it, too!

100% NATURAL

By using this proven formula daily, patients have dramatically increased their penis size by *2", 3", even 5" in only a few short weeks.* And, best of all, **MAGNA-RX+**'s breakthrough herbal formula is 100% natural and safe, with no known side effects. This clean, simple formula requires no prescription.

A 60-DAY SUPPLY LASTS A LIFETIME!

The **MAGNA-RX+** formula is so powerful, so effective and so complete, you will *NEVER* have to purchase more than the 60-day supply included in this special offer. Dr. Aguilar has focused on getting the best results as quickly as possible. That is the secret of our success! With the **MAGNA-RX+** system, you can *skyrocket 2", 3", even 5" in 60 days or less with nothing else to buy ever again.*

WHAT RESULTS CAN YOU EXPECT?

Use the **MAGNA-RX+** *Penis Enlargement Formula* once a day for three to five weeks and you will:

- *Increase penis size by two to five full inches*
- *Enjoy a thicker, fuller penis*
- *Experience more confidence and self-esteem*
- *Satisfy your lover like never before*

BUY 1, GET 1 FREE (A $60 SAVINGS!)

Need another reason to try **MAGNA-RX+**? *How about 50% OFF our regular price!* **MAGNA-RX+** normally retails for $59.95 for a 30-day supply. *But if you order now, we'll include a second month's supply absolutely FREE!* Imagine being able to increase your penis size up to five full inches for less than a $1.00 a day!

WHAT DO OUR CLIENTS SAY?

ALL LETTERS ON FILE

"I've been using your product for two months now. I've increased my length from 6" to nearly 8-1/2"."
–WB, Washington, DC

"I was amazed at how effective it was at increasing length and girth from 5" to 6-1/2" in just three weeks!" –VW, Illinois

"My girlfriend loves the results, but she doesn't know... she thinks it's natural!"
–TM, Oklahoma

"I don't mind telling you that... I went from 3-1/2" to 6". I'm trying for even more."
–RC, South Carolina

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Motivate her with just one of these tablets (use as directed and with her permission), giving her intense sexual feelings in about five minutes. Best of all, the effect lasts for a passionate half-hour! You'll find the effect of these tablets is irresistible. Motivator will set her on fire! Thousands of repeat customers since first offered in 1989.

24 TABLETS FOR $12.00

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Endurance in a bottle from Peter North (Matt Ramsey). "My private formula pills will inject incredible sex performance right into your penis." Known for his sexual endurance in take after take, he personally perfected highly-concentrated doses of ingredients to maintain his supercharged performances. You can have a sustained erection and climax control just like Peter. 87% of our customers reorder!

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THE ECONOMY PACK GIVES YOU:

60 MAGNA-RX+, 60 SATIVOL,
24 MOTIVATOR, 30 POWER PILLS

Regularly $139.90
All For Only
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SAVE $49.95!

THE DOCTOR BEHIND MAGNA-RX+

The genius behind MAGNA-RX+ is Dr. George Aguilar, MD, a Board Certified Urologist who has treated over 70,000 patients suffering erectile problems. He is a member of both the College of Urology and the Society of Urology, and the director of 46 urologists. He is also the former president of his state's Society of Urologists. After more than seven years of diligent research and testing, Dr. Aguilar made the amazing discovery now known as MAGNA-RX+: a powerful, reliable, 100% natural, Penis Enlargement Formula.

Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.

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- ☐ **MOTIVATOR** (24 tablets) **$12.00**
- ☐ **POWER PILLS** (30 tablets) **$18.00**
- ☐ **POWER PILLS** (120 tablets) **$35.00**

SAVE $49.95 ON THE ECONOMY PACK!

- ☐ **Send me MAGNA-RX+ (2 months supply), 60 Sativol, 24 Motivator, 30 Power Pills** *all for only* **$89.95**

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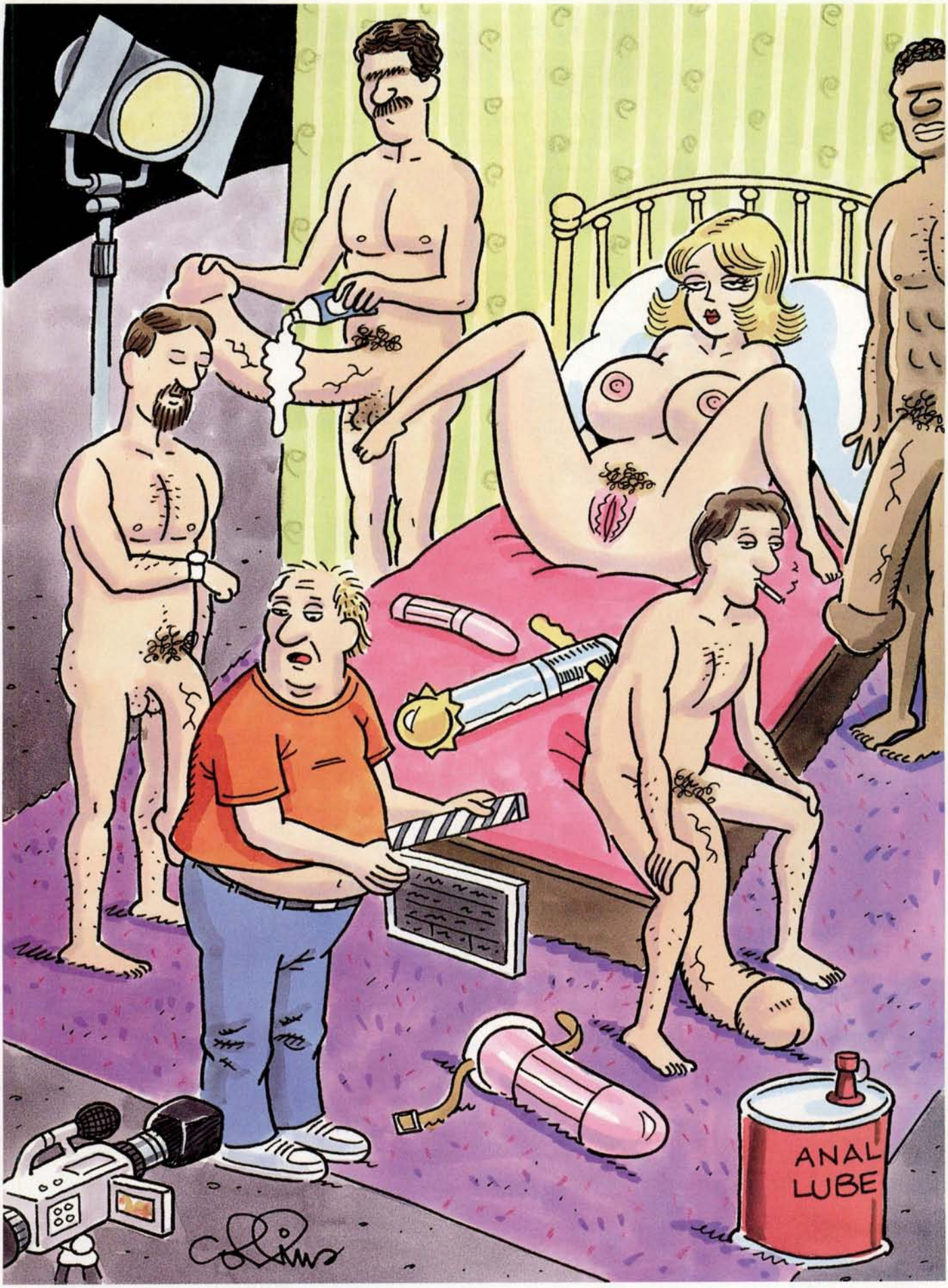


"Cock and Awe, take one."

Cock Fitting

Despite her 36 years, my wife is a blue-eyed, blond-haired hottie, but watching her try on dresses at the mall is torture. During our last descent into department-store hell, I must have been summoned into the fitting room once too often, or maybe I'd seen Lainie bend over in her underwear to pick up a pin one too many times. Either way, seeing my wife's cotton-covered pussy cleft framed by her generous ass cheeks gave my bored mind a bolt of filthy inspiration.

Before Lainie could straighten up and ask me what I thought of yet another item's style and fit, I moved my crotch up against her ass and shoved the button fly of my jeans against her camel toe. Almost immediately, my dick responded, and my raging hard-on was prodding her crack like an overzealous airport security guard.

"Oh!" Lainie cooed, feeling my package throb against the soft crease in her panties. Playfully, she pushed back. We dry humped doggy-style for a few seconds, then she started to return to a standing position. I pushed my wife back down into a prone posture and ordered her to drop her dampening panties.

I don't normally take no for an answer; so Lainie complied without objection, only a flustered glance at the small room's saloon-style swinging doors. There was about 2 1/2 feet of space below them, and the damn things didn't quite reach 5 1/2 feet at their highest point. As I screwed my finger in deep between my blond sweetie's moistening flaps, I realized that anybody who knew enough to peek would see us.

Lainie leaned against the small, padded bench in front of her and arched her back as I finger-fucked her some more, greasing her outer folds with a gob of spit to speed the process. My wife's a bit of a screamer, and I could tell that her passion was getting the better of her with each rough thrust of my digits. She began to emit little grunts of pleasure and encouragement when I worked a second finger into her now-juicy hole. I turned my palm down so I could curl my fingers against her G spot and felt her love tunnel widen with arousal.

I slipped my digits out of Lainie's snatch and painted my initials on her ass cheeks with the excess girl goo. While my wife moaned as loudly as she dared, I dropped my drawers and let my drooling, veiny member loose. My stiff cock slipped into her waiting coochie with buttery ease. I yanked her pelvis back onto my donger, grabbed her titties and slammed her velvety snatch like a meth-addled chimpanzee. Just as we were about to buck our way to completion, a knock came at the door.

One of the sales bitches at the store slipped into the cramped room with a smirk on her face. At least it was the young one—a grinning, petite redhead who wore lots of makeup. "Can I show you something in a smaller size?" she asked, in a grating, leering way that would have sent our business elsewhere if it weren't for the perky little body she exposed. Climbing onto the bench, she jammed her inviting, orange muff into Lainie's face. As my wife greedily buried her tongue into the newcomer's copper-colored nether foliage, the retail trollop eyed my boner like a hungry cat would a canister of Pounce.

I pulled my glistening shaft out of Lainie's cunt in favor of the salesgirl's mouth, standing over my wife's neck so the frisky intruder could eat me. Just to keep the party going between Lainie's legs, I leaned back and fingered her some more as the little redhead valiantly took almost my whole dick down her throat.

It figures that the last into the small room was the first one to come. Unlike my timid spouse, little miss fireball had no compunction about making noise. My wife's clit-licking sent her into paroxysms, which I cut short with a dozen jets of ball batter down the loud minx's throat.

My wife is a good woman; once she sensed my climax, she left missy's thatch-covered pit alone and, flipping around under me, helpfully tea-bagged my sac as I came. Exhausted, I lay on the floor, keeping an eye out for stray pins, and watched Lainie finish herself off on the redhead's cum-splashed lips.

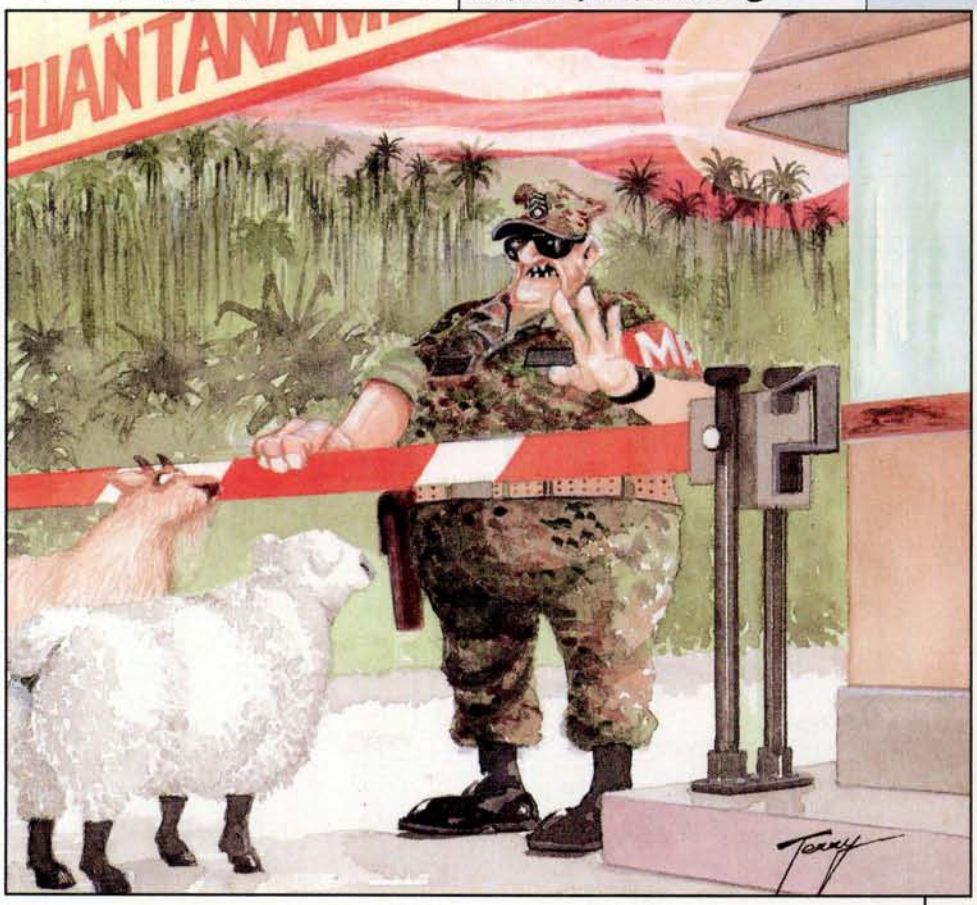
I keep trying to take Lainie to that store again, but so far she's been coy. I'm considering emptying her closet and torching her current wardrobe in order to force the issue.

-B. T.

Encino, California

I yanked her pelvis back onto my donger, grabbed her titties and slammed her snatch like a meth-addled chimpanzee.

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"Sorry, ladies, no conjugal visits."

She lied. I lied. There's nothing left to do but help [redacted]ake off my belt and guide my cock down [redacted]throat.

(continued from page 21) in the mirror and reach for my half-empty bottle of tequila. Two swigs down my gullet, and I'm stumbling up the lighted driveway. I notice in the house's window the silhouette of a woman pacing in the front room. She seems to be on the telephone. Must be the right place.

I glide up the steps, swallow more tequila and ring the doorbell. I hear noises inside, then the locks, one by one, unlatch, and the door swings open.

A brunet gal in her late 30s, attractive enough in my state of inebriety, stands before me in a sexy-in-a-cheesy-way nightie. We both smile at each other, but say nothing. Just a whole bunch of uneasy glancing.

Juliet—or so she says her name is—motions me to the sofa and offers me a glass for my nearly finished bottle of liquid courage. I decline. How can I be sure her glasses aren't filthy, or that she's not out to drug me and let a bunch of truckers anally rape me?

Juliet slides down next to me. We reminisce about our earlier phone conversation. Soon my hands are inside her robe. She doesn't object to my groping. I slide off her robe and toss it to the floor.

She stands up and allows me to touch her pale body. I kind of wish this wasn't happening, her body not being what I usually consider attractive. Her legs are flabby, her stomach a couple of pot roasts too heavy. Her chest, however, sparks my interest, and I concentrate on licking her fat nipples. As I do, I begin lowering my hands down to her panties. *What will I encounter down there?* I ask myself, anticipating an unkempt, hairy mess.

Before I can find out, Juliet drops to her knees and unbuttons my jeans. I remember what I told her about myself over the phone: something about being a solid nine inches, thick as hell and able to go for hours. I never imagined I'd make it this far, so lying seemed like the right thing to do at the time. Besides, didn't Juliet tell me she was skinny and sexy during our conversation? She lied. I lied. Nothing left to do but help her take off my belt and guide my cock down her throat.

With her lips wrapped tightly around my pecker, Juliet slurps away as if she hasn't tasted a dick since the Reagan Administration.

Unexpectedly, Juliet puts a condom on my cock with her mouth. For a total stranger, this babe sure knows what gets me buzzing. I wet a finger and slide it past Juliet's panties into her cunt. Her cooze is already soaked, and I'm glad to see I'm wrong about her grooming practices; her pussy is nicely shaven, with one of those little hair strips that are so fashionable these days. Away her G-string goes, and I penetrate her cunt with utmost determination.

Since I duped her pretty good with my penis-size claims, I feel I owe it to this total stranger to at least attempt to sexually please her. I grab Juliet's legs and lift them high above her head. She moans, "That's it, baby" and jizzes her aged cream within minutes. Positions change. We toss each other around as if we've been lovers for years—certainly not like the two desperate human beings that we have become. Juliet's pussy keeps dripping, and she yelps at a constant, loud volume. I put her in doggy-style position and grab hold of her neglected, flabby ass. Eyes closed, I imagine fucking someone I actually want to be with. The sofa rocks with our carnal waves. Juliet looks back to me and whispers, "Come for me." That's all I need to hear; I rip the condom from my twitching cock.

As my wad shoots across her subtle flesh folds, I think, *I'm glad that dumb blond whore on Sunset ditched me for those rich mooks.* I'm thankful for my shitty porn collection. I'm indebted to Pepe Lopez tequila.

With the deed done, the situation becomes uncomfortable. It's like going out to breakfast with a street whore after she sucks you off in a Dumpster. A minute later, I'm back in her driveway. The light in the front room goes dim, and I think I hear her pick up the phone. *Is this nympho going to call the chat line again?* I wonder as I drive home.

My little phone-connection adventure turned out much better than I had hoped. I most certainly could have faced much worse. Going to a strange woman's house—one who stalks the telephone lines for cock—in the middle of the night is a risk in itself, even if she's a virgin swimsuit model. But she won't be, and that's the daunting truth in this game. I lucked out with my middle-aged, dumpy trollop. Cellulite beats a knife to the throat any day.

"God can help me, huh? Can God talk my wife into letting me fuck her in the ass?"

I want to suck your cock all night long! Call me!
1-900-993-0500
No Credit Card Needed.
As low as $2.50/min.
I swallow too!!
1-800-705-CUMM
MC/VISA/AMEX accepted. Must be 18+.

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HOW FAR WE GO IS UP TO YOU...
1-800-718 MEAT
HARDCORE SHE-MALE ACTION!!!
ALL CALLS AS LOW AS $2.50/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+

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ALL GIRLS ARE 18+
1-800-371 LOVE
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Shoot your load down my throat! Call Now!!
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PREGNANT, & HORNY. THIS GIRL IS BEGGING FOR YOUR COCK!
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PREGNANT CUM CRAVERS
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1-900-993-5899
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!
MY HUGE TITS ARE CRAVING A HUGE LOAD OF YOUR HOT CUM!!!
1-800-588-BLOW
HOT ORAL ACTION!!!
I REALLY WANT TO SUCK YOU DRY!!!
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- *THICKER, FULLER PENIS*
- *SHE'LL FEEL THE DIFFERENCE*
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XCEL IS THE WORLD'S FIRST MALE ENLARGEMENT PATCH

Finally, you understand how important penis size is to your lover and now you've decided that you want to *become a much bigger man – fast.* The only question you still have is, *"Which penis enlargement formula should I choose?"* Until recently, the choice was quite confusing since most enlargement pill companies have similar looking ads, almost identical ingredients, and claims.

The good news is there is no longer any confusion over which product gives the best results. Most medical experts agree the new, revolutionary **XCEL Male Enlargement Patch** has emerged worldwide as the definitive leader in penis enlargement technology. Developed by a top team of scientists and medical doctors over a ten-year period, **XCEL's** state-of-the-art **Patch Delivery System** automatically *increases penis size two, even three, full inches in 90 days or less.*

WORKS ON NATURAL PRINCIPLES... NO GUESSWORK OR MUMBO JUMBO!

The male erection is produced when blood flows into the special *bulbocavernosus muscles* inside the penis shaft. As these muscles fill, *the penis increases in diameter and thickness.* By expanding the capacity of these muscles, as the **XCEL Patch** does, they can hold more blood, resulting in a dramatically longer and thicker penis. Users of **XCEL** say they're *"truly astounded"* when they see their *penises reach startling new proportions... and you will be, too!*

WHAT IS XCEL PATCH TECHNOLOGY?

You've probably heard of patches to prevent chest pains *(Trinitine),* to fight bone loss *(Oestradiol),* to reduce blood pressure *(Clonidine),* to relieve intense chronic pain *(Feutanyl),* and others to help patients stop smoking, lose weight, even for birth control. Numerous articles have appeared in Time, Newsweek, The New York Times, and many medical publications about this superior delivery system. Who wouldn't want to take advantage of this remarkable technology to gain those extra two or three inches? *Happily, the price is no longer a barrier with our Special Introductory Offer!*

XCEL PATCH OUTPERFORMS PILLS, CAPSULES, CREAMS, OR PUMPS!

How can something so tiny make you so big?! **XCEL** is a small, super-concentrated dermal patch you place discreetly on your body as directed. Once **XCEL** is in place, you can relax – your part is done. The exclusive **XCEL Patch Delivery System** immediately takes over. *And does it ever!*

Unlike pills or capsules that must travel the digestive system, **XCEL's** advanced patch technology sends the full-strength, active ingredients directly into the bloodstream for fast, maximum results. **XCEL's** trademarked **Growth Release System** keeps the flow steady, constant, and 100% safe until the patch is exhausted and simply replaced with a new one. *No penis enlargement system is easier to use, works faster, or is more effective than* **XCEL!**

Remember, there will be no automatic shipments each month. This three-month supply may be more than you need. Every patch contains only the freshest, most potent botanicals from across the globe. Best of all, with **XCEL's** automatic release system, you don't even have to pay attention in order to grow big fast, but be prepared to be amazed and delighted when you experience the pride of seeing a woman's jaw drop at the sight of your penis! Mere weeks after you begin using **XCEL,** she'll see – *and feel* – the difference. **XCEL's** *fast-acting, natural process will reward both of you with long, intense, passionate nights soon after you begin using it.*

DOCTOR DESIGNED AND RECOMMENDED: 100% NATURAL, SAFE, EFFECTIVE

XCEL's proprietary, all-natural, male formula is 100% safe and effective. Please don't let **XCEL's** simplicity fool you – *this is powerful stuff!* **XCEL** has been scientifically designed to automatically help your penis grow. Why settle for average, when it's so easy to **XCEL?** This means performing far above average, and that's exactly what the **XCEL Male Enlargement Patch** will do for the size of your penis and your love life. *Why wouldn't you want to* **XCEL** *by two to three inches?*

THE XCEL PATCH DOCTOR: SAMUEL B. SILVERMAN, MD

Doctor Silverman is a prominent urologist who has dedicated many years and thousands of hours of manpower developing **XCEL.** Among Doctor Silverman's numerous credentials are his certification by both the *National Congress of Urology* and the *American Board of Urologists.* He has been *Vice-Chair of the National Society of Urologists,* as well as *President of his State Board of Urologists,* and is currently a *Chief of Surgical Urology and Research.*

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XCEL 90 DAY SUPPLY ONLY $79.95 *Regularly $149.85*

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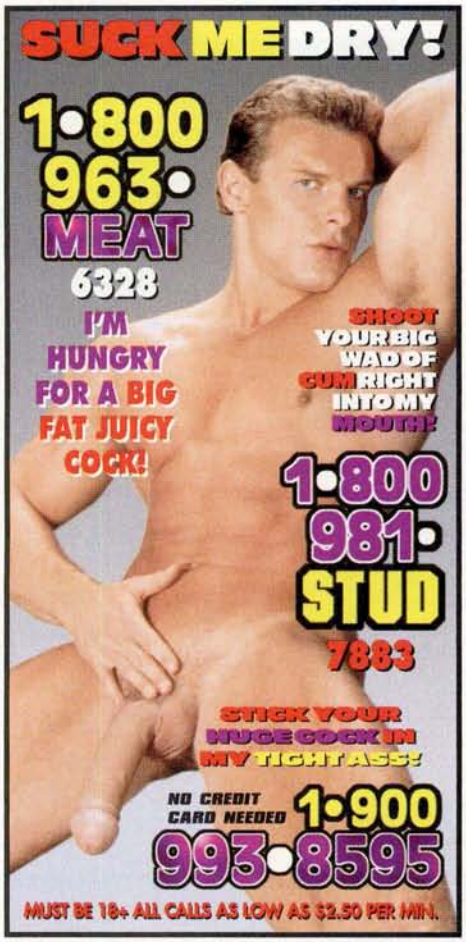

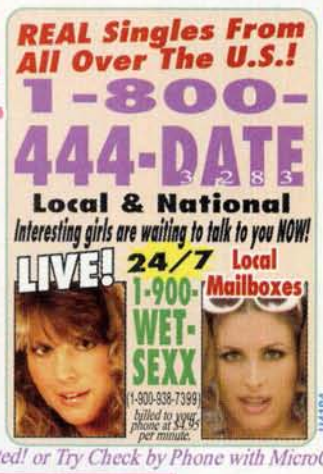

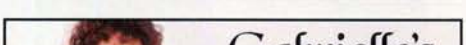

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REAL COLLEGE GIRLS

EDEN

A 23-year-old mortuary-science student at **Kansas City, Kansas, Community College**, Eden could make any man stiff, dead or not. The tattooed temptress's hobbies include sports, camping, dancing and hanging out with her friends. She also boasts a 3.7 GPA in her chosen field of study. This sophomore's somewhat convoluted fantasy is to "have sex in a Catholic church confessional or on the altar with my boyfriend and two 18-year-old twins."

—Photo by Fiancé

AMATEUR PHOTO/VIDEO CONTESTS
$5,000 IS UP FOR GRABS

Guys, we need you to be HUSTLER's campus point men in our ongoing search for new, untapped Beavers. Do you know gorgeous college students who are over 18 years of age? We're looking for readers to recruit babes for the *Real College Girls* division of *Beaver Hunt*. The process is easy; just snap a couple of clear, sexy—the more explicit the better—photographs (digital shots are cool too, as long as they're high resolution and printed on photo-quality paper). Send them to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every female whose picture sees print will receive a $250 honorarium, as well as a slot in HUSTLER's 2003 *Beaver Hunt* competition and a chance to appear in the video version of HUSTLER's *Real College Girls*. Finalists score $1,500 each, and the Grand Prize winner will appear in a HUSTLER photo-feature and earn $5,000. The photographer of the Grand Prize winner scores $500, and the Finalists' photographers earn $250. All photographers of models appearing in *Real College Girls* receive a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Ask the girls to fill out the model release below, and include copies of two legal forms of ID and a current college ID. The model's photo, date of birth and signature must appear on the IDs (not necessarily all on the same one). All photos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc. No essays are required, but if your model can come up with something sexy, tell her to knock herself out.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter *Real College Girls* or *Video College Girls* you must be 18 years of age or older, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. One ID must include your date of birth, and one must include your signature. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win $250 if we publish your photo, or $500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth $5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

Model's name

Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name

Name to be published

Date of birth **Phone** (include area code)

Model's Social Security number

Address

City **State** **Zip**

Personal e-mail address **Occupation**

Hobbies

Major **College** **Year** **GPA**

Best sexual experience in college (include separate sheet if necessary)

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model) **Date (month/date/year)**

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $250 for photographs or $500 for a video, I grant to L.F.P., Inc. all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to L.F.P., Inc., and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as L.F.P., Inc. may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs and/or video footage were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

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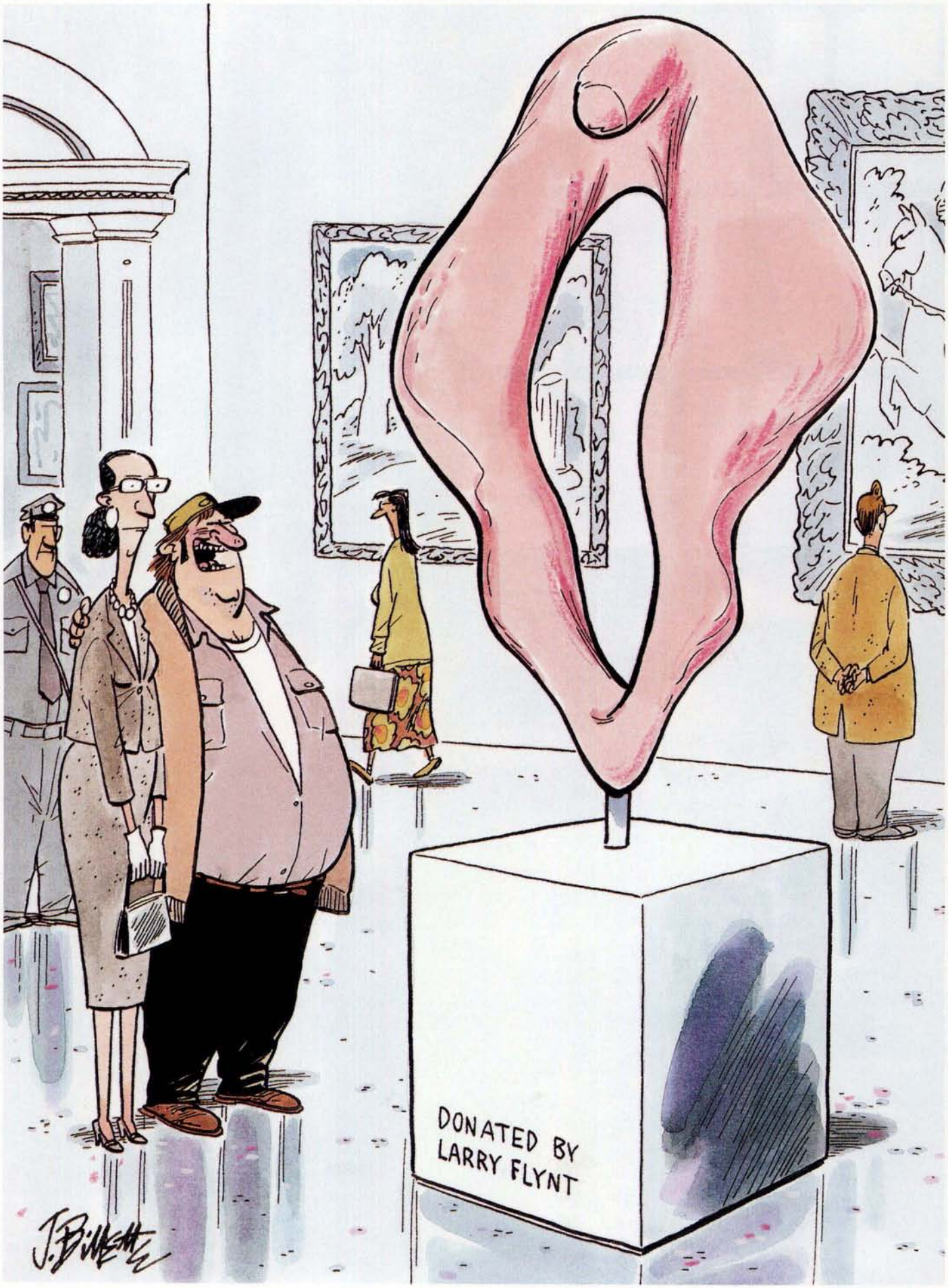
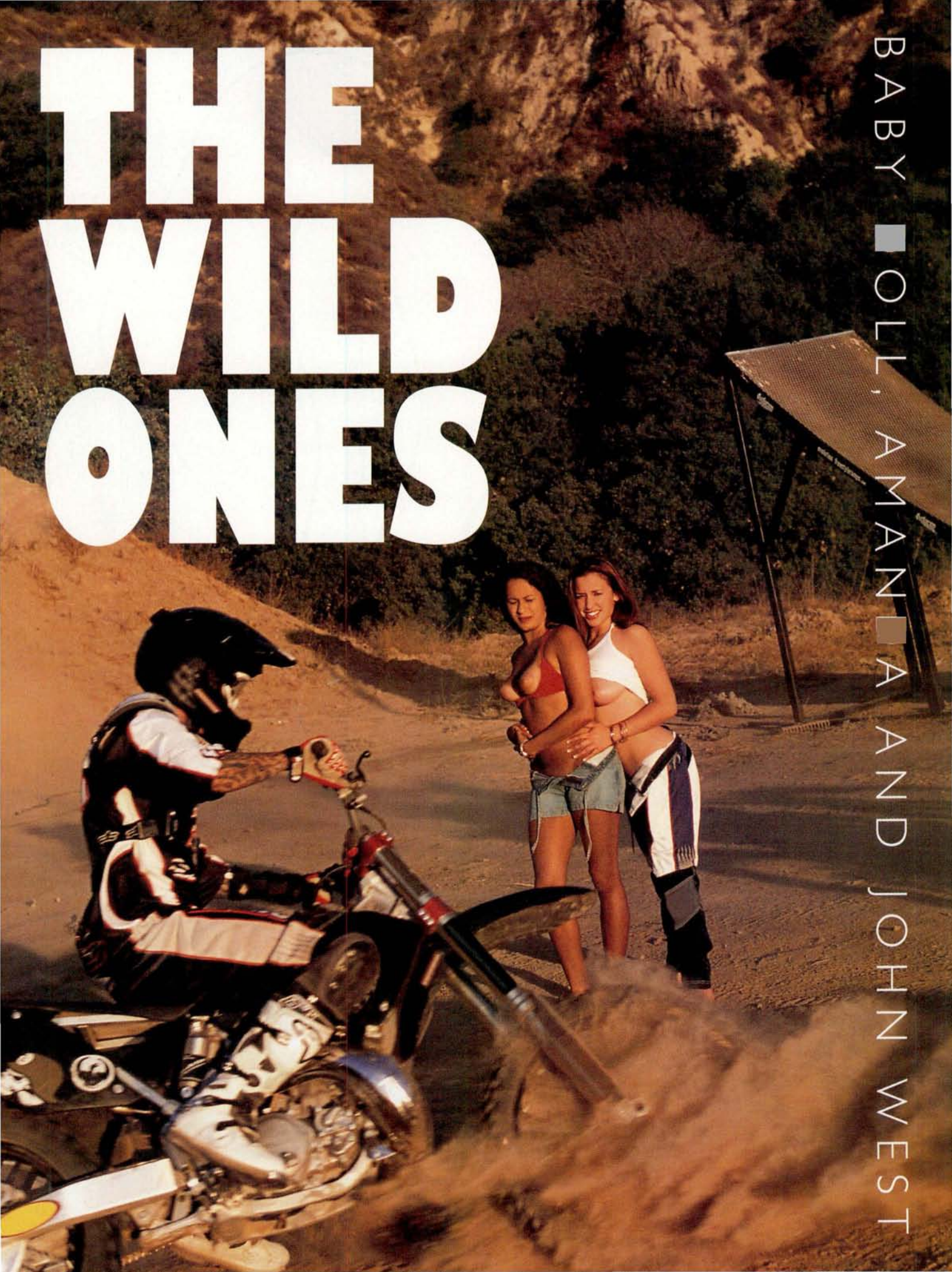


"Lady, now that's fuckin' art."

THE WILD ONES



BABY ■ OLL, AMANDA AND JOHN WEST

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

John planned to give Baby Doll and Amanda a spin on his bike, but they were more interested in riding the hog between his legs. The horny biker chicks slurped and sucked his throbbing hot rod, and soon John was gunning his engine down their slick canyons. He drove deep into both girls until they were crying out for roadside assistance.

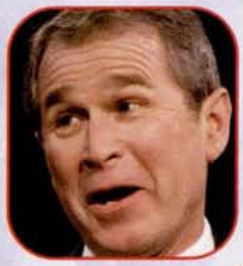
Go south of Amanda's border in HUSTLER'S YOUNG LATIN GIRLS #3 VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Find out Baby Doll's deepest desires in YOUNG GIRLS' FANTASIES VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.shophustler.com to order.

COMING NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER

MANCOW MOUTHS OFF

Free-speech champion Mancow Muller battles censorship on our corporate-owned airwaves with his massively popular, nationally syndicated radio show, *Mancow's Morning Madhouse*, and on the Fox News Channel morning program *Fox and Friends*. The outrageous shock jock and Howard Stern arch nemesis topples the King of All Media with his hilarious new autobiography, *Dad, Dames, Demons and a Dwarf*. The book's coscribe, John Calkins, gives HUSTLER readers an inside look at Mancow's provocative on- and off-air antics.

ANALYZING THE PRESIDENT



George W. Bush may sound like a clown every time he mangles the English language, but the hidden message behind his verbal gaffes is anything but funny. Mark Crispin Miller, NYU professor and author of *The Bush Dyslexicon: Observations on a National Disorder*, analyzes the true meaning of Dubya's malapropisms in an insightful interview with HUSTLER Editorial Director Bruce David.

WAR UNCENSORED

While the mainstream media hid the true horrors of the war in Iraq from the American people, HUSTLER believes that U.S. citizens have the right to see the same images viewed by the rest of the world. As our brave soldiers return home to their families, gruesome photos from the front lines capture the reality of the bloody ground struggle with a candor you won't see on the evening news.

REAL PULP FICTION

Before HUSTLER spread pink throughout the world, men's magazines in the '50s and '60s featured extremely perverted, torture-filled tales of crime, war and sex brought to lurid life with eye-popping illustrations. Adam Parfrey revisits the era of sadistic pulp fiction with prime cuts from his newly published retrospective, *It's a Man's World*.

...AND MORE

Trick-loving nymphos hand out mounds of treats in our October issue. Bust a gut while busting your nut with *Bits & Pieces*. Revel in porn superstar Jenna Jameson's *Jenna Tales*. Look for your mom's dirty Polaroid in *Beaver Hunt* and your sister's sticky secret in *Real College Girls*. Jeanna Fine services you with *Dear Slut*, and *Erotic Entertainment* separates the XXX wheat from the chaff.

Bella

Vicky Harding

The October HUSTLER is on sale July 22, 2003.

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